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OLD SUMMERS.

The autumn winds are chilly
As they blow
O'er the grave of many a lily
That lies low
With the dust upon its whiteness,
And the shadows on its brightness,
But the heart feels still the lightness
Of the summers long ago.

For the harvest, overflowing,
Heap the fields;
There was reaping after sowing;
Nature yields
Rich gains for all our losses,
And comforts for our crosses;
Green leaves grow where the moss is,
And love the lily shields.

A Terrible Repentance

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "ON HER WEDDING-MORN," "BETWEEN TWO SINS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII—(CONTINUED.)

I WONDERED that I had not thought of this before, for I had often heard the cry of the child for his mother and seen his strange inquiring gaze. This confession made clear to me many of the mysterious things I had observed during the past twelve months.

"We had trouble in successfully carrying on the deception," Mrs. Fairfax continued. "No one suspected what had been done. Alice took possession of Gabrielle's trunks, of her clothes, her jewels, her papers, of the package left by Captain Jesmond to be given to his wife. Who was there to say that she was not Gabrielle, Lady Jesmond? The doctor's certificate was made out in the name of Alice Fairfax, and in Wavertree churchyard the name of Alice Fairfax is engraved on my dead daughter's tombstone.

"But, when all was arranged, my daughter grew nervous. 'It is a fraud and a deception,' she declared; and more than once she told me that she had not the courage to carry it through. She consented to represent her sister only on condition that I would come with her and act as nurse to the child. Then, and not until then, did she consent to come. She made me promise that I would live with her always; and we have been very happy. Oh, my beautiful Alice, have I crushed you by my miserable folly?"

Her voice died away in bitter sobs as she knelt by her daughter's side; and she who had for so long been known as Lady Jesmond opened her arms and pillowed the gray head upon her bosom.

"Never mind, mother," she said. "Do not cry so, dear; all will be well yet. Nello will forgive me."

But I knew, from the stern pained expression on his face, that he would never take her to his heart again. He was a "worshipper of beauty and a dreamer of dreams;" but he was a man who valued honor and integrity, who could not tolerate deceit. I knew her doom, poor girl, before he pronounced it.

"You will forgive us both, my lord?" said the weeping mother.

"Your sin was not against me," he replied gravely. "You have wronged Miss Gordon more than you have wronged me."

"Felicia, you will forgive me?" pleaded Alice Fairfax.

I stooped down and kissed the lips that but a few short hours before had been wreathed in smiles.

"I forgive you dear, with all my heart," I replied.

"You have always been good to me, Felicia," she went on, "although I took so much from you."

She did not know—she would never know—all that she had taken, or all that I had lost.

"Felicia has forgiven me," she said, in a trembling voice. "Nello, you will not refuse me pardon?"

"Forgive us, my lord!" sobbed Mrs. Fairfax again.

"Not only do I forgive you entirely," said Lord Saxon, "but it shall be my care and my pleasure to provide for your future, Mrs. Fairfax. You shall know want no more."

She turned quickly and kissed his hand.

"I thank you, my lord," she said gratefully; but her daughter's voice interrupted her further expression of thanks.

"Nello, Nello," cried the unhappy girl, "speak to me—think of me!"

"Will you leave us?" he said to Mrs. Fairfax. "I wish to talk to your daughter for a short time." Then, noting the violence of her grief, he added, "Do not weep so bitterly. It was a great folly—a wretched mistake; but it is too late now to repair it. I can only say this—that your future shall be my care. Leave me with your daughter now."

And, still weeping most bitterly, Mrs. Fairfax left the room.

Lord Saxon walked over to Alice Fairfax, and stood by her side, gravely looking down at the face he had so often smiled upon.

"Alice!" he said. "It seems strange to give you that name."

She looked up to him with eager passionate eyes.

"Shall I never be 'Gabrielle' to you again?" she asked.

"No—never more," he answered gravely. "The name was not yours, and you should not have borne it."

"Oh, Nello, Nello, if you will not forgive me, kill me! I cannot live without you!" she cried.

"It is no question of forgiveness," he said coldly; "my dear, beautiful as you are, and dearly as I love you, we must part."

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Alice heard Lord Saxon's words—and they sounded with terrible distinctness in the quiet room—she started with a faint cry, and then fell back white and helpless. After a few moments she stood up, having recovered her composure.

"You cannot mean that, Nello!" she cried. "You cannot leave me; we cannot part! I am your promised wife. Look at me," she continued in frenzied despair—"look into the face that you have found so fair, and tell me that your love is still mine! You must not leave me to desolation and death! Look at me whom you have professed to love, and whisper your forgiveness. Nello, would you plunge a dagger into my heart?"

"Need you ask, Alice?" he answered.

"Well, you will kill me far more cruelly if you leave me bereft of my love," she said. "Oh, Nello, Nello, if you must send me from you, kill me here and now! I would rather die by your hand than receive life from another."

A simple dignity, such as I had not seen before, came to him now.

"My dear," he said, in gentle firm tones, "you must see that it is impossible I can ever marry you. Your beauty took me by storm, and gave you as deep and passionate love as man ever gave to woman. It came to me like a vision of perfect bliss; it died when I found that you had been to me a living lie. I would have married you had you been poor as the beggar-girl whom King Cophetua loved; I would have married you had your beauty been marred by burn and scar. But you have on your soul a stain so horrible to me that your beauty could never hide it from my eyes."

With a cry to Heaven for pity, she again sank upon the couch, whilst Lord Saxon went on, in a grave sad voice—

"Do not think me harsh—do not think that I judge you from a pinnacle of self-complacent goodness. I humble myself before Heaven for my many faults and sins while I speak to you. There are transgressions much greater than yours in the eyes of the world which I could more easily have forgiven; but a lie has always been to me the most hateful thing on earth. Had you told me all," he went on, "when I first declared my love for you—had you trusted to my affection, and shown me that, after all, a love of truth reigned in your soul, I would have made you my wife. But the lie you have acted and lived has been found out by another. I never before appreciated," he added, "the moral beauty of a woman. Beauty pales before the grandeur of nobility of soul, even as the twinkling stars are outshone by the sun at noon-day."

I could listen to no more, but stood up to defend the beautiful yet unhappy woman who was writhing beneath the words of contempt that he poured forth.

"Do not be so terribly hard, so bitterly cruel, Lord Saxon!" I cried. "You may need mercy yourself some day. If she has sinned, she suffers."

"And I suffer," he returned. "My life is as hopelessly shattered as is hers. I have loved, not a real, but an ideal woman whose soul, I believed, was clear as crystal. The ideal has vanished; and the reality that remains is but the dross of common humanity. Oh, Alice, why, when you knew that I loved you—why did you not tell me yourself of the deceit you were practising? Your honesty in telling me would have gone far towards atoning for your crime. As it is, you have been simply found out."

She rose from the couch and approached Lord Saxon. The pallor of death was on her face. As she flung herself upon her knees at his feet she looked at him with a pathetic yearning in her eyes which I shall never forget to the day of death.

"Forgive me, Nello," she pleaded—and her voice might have touched a heart of stone—"forgive me! I did wrong, and I have suffered throughout the whole period of my deception. Oh, Nello, forgive me, and take me to your heart! I will be such a faithful wife to you—all the more faithful and truthful because I have deceived you. Nello, never again in this world shall my lips open to utter one false word—never again!"

"My dear," he said, "you only torture yourself and me. The soul has gone from my love; there is but the corpse of it left—nothing can reanimate it. I must be able to look up to the woman I take for a wife, to honor and reverence her. How could I reverence you when I know you to have committed a fraud? I will befriend you, take care of you; but my love is dead."

"Felicia," she cried, "plead for me! If he leaves me thus, I shall die!" The tears were raining down her face, and her anguish was pitiable to see. "Plead for me, Felicia; he will listen to you."

"Be kinder to her, Lord Saxon," I said. "Do you not see that you are breaking her heart? And, with all her faults, you ought to remember that she has loved you devotedly."

"She has indeed," he answered, with a sad look on his face. "I wish it were all different, for I shall never know happiness again."

She rose and put both her arms round his neck, and whispered words of love to him. She kissed him and caressed his face with her little white trembling hands.

"My own love, my dear love," she murmured, "you could not, you must not, leave me without your love."

But he was deaf to her entreaties, and the caresses which but a few hours before would have filled him with delight now were repugnant to him.

"I repent," she cried to him—"oh, Nello, I repent so bitterly! Heaven pities a repentant sinner. Cannot you, beloved, forgive this my great sin?"

"I do," he replied. "It is not that. Rest now, and to-morrow we will settle your future and your mother's."

"Apart from you?" she said.

"Yes—apart from me, my dear—quite apart."

"To-morrow, Nello?" she questioned, looking at him with a strange smile. "You will settle my future to-morrow?"

"Yes, my dear," he said. "Now rest."

"To-morrow!" she repeated, with the same strange brooding smile on her face. "Kiss me once more, Nello—once more. Forget that my lips have lied to you, and remember only that I have loved you. You are quite sure that nothing can induce you to take me back to your heart again—you are quite sure?"

"I am quite sure," he replied slowly.

"Kiss me just once again then, and say good-bye. Oh, the happy hours that we have spent, the love that has been between us, Nello! Mine was a great fault—a wicked deed; but you must always remember that my repentance was terrible. I see there is no mercy for me. You have none; Heaven will have none. I have finished. But you will say good-bye, Nello, and you will always remember my terrible repentance?"

I never saw such yearning love and tenderness as then came into Lord Saxon's face.

Notwithstanding all his shrinking from her, she went up to him again. There was no supplication in her voice now; a quiet resignation had come over her.

"Good-bye, Nello!" she said. "My dear lost love, good-bye!"—and then, wringing her hands with a gesture of utter despair, she went from the room.

"Her heart will break," I said. "Oh, Nello, forgive her!"

"Do you not think that my heart is torn with grief and pain?" he asked. "Felicia, I loved her so well that I think I could have forgiven her anything except the base deceit she has been guilty of."

Then Lord Saxon joined the Major. They were together for half an hour; and, when they were leaving, the Major expressed to me his great sorrow at what had occurred. He added that, in the distressing circumstances, he would not remain in the house; and, as Lord Saxon had asked him to stay at Dunroon, he had decided to accept his hospitality.

They arranged to return to Jesmond Dene on the following afternoon, and meanwhile they would telegraph to Mr. Benson to meet them without delay. Everything was to be done quietly, so as to give Alice as little pain as possible.

"No publicity!" said the Major. "It is an unfortunate business altogether; but we must screen her."

When I had said good night to them, I repaired at once to aunt Annette's room. I did not tell her anything of what had passed, as I feared it would greatly excite her and probably retard her already slow recovery.

Before retiring for the night, I went to Alice's room and asked if she would like me to stay with her for an hour or two. The answer came in a strange smothered

voice—"No;" she would rather be alone.

CHAPTER XIX.

TOWARDS four in the morning she whom I had known as Gabrielle, Lady Jesmond, entered my room. Her face was quite colorless, and her long golden tresses hung loosely over her shoulders; her eyes shone with a light that was almost terrible in its brightness. She came towards me, holding a letter in her hand.

"I could not sleep," she said, "and I have written this. Felicia, you have been kind to me from the first; will you render me a great service?"

"I will if I can," I replied.

"You can if you will. I want you to go this morning, and with your own hands deliver this letter to Lord Saxon. Do not trust it to any servant or friend; give it direct into his own hands."

"He is coming here this afternoon," I told her, thinking that she might then give the letter to him.

"I want him to read it at once. He said he was coming to settle my future to-day; but before he decides upon anything I wish him to read this. Will you take it to him, Felicia, early this morning? You can drive over to see Lady Saxon, and then place it in his hands."

"Do you wish it very much?" I asked, for I did not care for the commission.

"I do with my whole heart," she said. "Take it, Felicia, and promise me that he shall have it before ten o'clock."

I took her letter from her hands and promised to fulfil her wishes. She kissed me, but her face was deathly cold, and a strange wild gleam was in her eyes. She went to the window and drew aside the lace hangings.

"The sun is rising," she said, "and the river is rushing madly onwards to the sea."

The faint light of the dawn was on her face as she left my room, and those were the last words she ever uttered to me.

I heard her close the door, and I hoped fervently that she might rest and sleep.

I did not like the commission; still, as the letter was evidently of great importance, and I had promised, I went. It was just ten o'clock when I reached Dunroon and placed it in Lord Saxon's hands. He was surprised to see me so early, and seemed in no mood to read the letter. He opened it at last. As he read his face grew ghastly white, and he staggered back, with his hands pressed to his brow. He stood for some few minutes stunned and bewildered, then thrust the letter into my hands.

"Read, Felicia," he cried—"read quickly, quickly!"

I hurriedly read the loving, despairing, passionate words that were her death-knell—words all blotted with tears—words written in the early dawn of the day of which she was not to see the end. This was the letter—

"You say, Nello, that you are coming to-day to settle my future. Dear, I shall settle it myself. There is no mercy for me; there is none on earth—there will be none perhaps in heaven; I expect none. And yet my fault was not so great, not so terrible. Such as it was, I will expiate it with my life; and the expiation is a greater sin than that for which you have left me. Now that I have known the warmth and sunshine of your love, I cannot live in the cold and darkness. Better a thousand times to be at rest, with the green grass growing over me, than to live on without happiness, without hope!

"This will be my repentance, Nello. I shall walk out in the early morning to the river when the sun is shining. You know the reach where two days since you stood on the bank and drew the dripping water-lilies ashore, and I—the happiest woman in the world—stood by your side. It is there that I shall seek rest. This is my repentance, Nello. I shall walk down the path we have so often trodden together, knowing that it is for the last time. As I take my last walk to the river, everything will say good-bye to me. Yet I shall not falter. When the chill water kisses my face, when it seizes me and carries me swiftly along, when it washes my hair and bears me, a deadly burden, on its breast, then my repentance will have been accomplished; and, when this letter reaches your hands, she whom you have loved and spurned will be past reproach, beyond recall. Of all that was but yesterday filled with light and gladness there will remain to-day nothing but a dark memory. Nello, my beloved, I write this on my bended knees, and on this sheet have fallen the most bitter tears woman can ever shed. I lay my last kiss on this paper, for I know that you must touch it. I shall die as I have lived, loving you. When I reach the river's brink, I shall love you; when the chill water—kinder than you, beloved—takes me into its embrace, I shall still love you.

"Long as you live, Nello, my spirit will hover near you. During the sweet summer nights, when the wind is sighing in the trees, you will think of me. When you walk by the river and hear the faint sobbing of the water, you will give a thought to her who preferred to die rather than live without you. You will know that my soul was not all false, because it held in it so true a love for you. Through the sigh of the summer wind, through the wash of the waves on the shore, my voice will come to you, and you will remember that, though I sinned greatly, my repentance was terrible. Beloved, farewell!"

I laid down the pitiful letter blotted with tears, and for a minute we looked at each other in silent horror. Then Lord Saxon, rousing himself from the stupor that had come over him, cried out—

"For Heaven's sake come quickly to the river, Felicia!"

But the river was far away, and the hour long past for human power to save her from the doom that she had sought. We drove rapidly from Dunroon to Jesmond Dene, accompanied by Major Esmond, and Lord Saxon led the way to the reach.

It was all too true. There, at the spot indicated in her letter, she lay, her face upraised to the morning sky and a smile on her lips, as though she had found the water kinder than her lover's closed arms and death sweeter than life.

Her body was speedily recovered from its cruel resting-place and conveyed to the Hall.

Lady Saxon and her son, Major Esmond and myself held a council that same afternoon, and we decided that the last act of kindness we could show to her memory would be to keep her story of duplicity and the cause of her death secret from the world.

There were terrible dismay and consternation throughout the district when it became known that the beautiful Lady Jesmond had been found drowned. Of course it was an accident. Many people thought that she had been trying to reach the water-lilies, and so had fallen in. In the first wild moments of her great anguish we were afraid that Mrs. Fairfax would reveal the secret which we all hoped would be buried with the remains of the unfortunate girl. Fortunately she did not disclose the truth. We were compelled to tell Mr. Benson everything; and, to my astonishment, he did seem greatly surprised. He suggested that Mrs. Fairfax should continue to have charge of the child until he was a few years older, and that afterwards she should be provided for on the estate.

Lady Jesmond's funeral will not soon be forgotten. It was attended by rich and poor, and there was no one who did not regret and grieve over the fair young life so abruptly and, as it seemed, so cruelly cut short.

Lord Saxon was there as chief mourner. The vast assemblage of spectators, beholding his white set face, little dreamed of the tragedy in which he had shared.

"May Heaven pardon me if I was too hard upon her!" he said to me, as we stood together after the funeral.

By the end of July a calm that was almost painful had settled over Jesmond Dene. The grass had grown on Alice's newly-made grave, and people wondered why it was always surrounded by beautiful flowers, yet never had a headstone.

There was a calm too at Dunroon; for its master had gone away, and his mother believed that he would never return.

He had suffered terrible during the recent trying days—so much so that he was a changed man. He regretted having spoken so bitterly to the erring woman, and that he had not been more patient. He felt that he ought to have known what she meant when she said so strangely, "To-morrow!" and he blamed himself for not at the time realizing all that her words portended and taking steps to frustrate her design. He did not forget her; and for years his life was embittered and darkened by the tragedy in which he had played so conspicuous a part.

Meanwhile little Guy grew and prospered. At Mr. Benson's solicitation I remained at Jesmond Hall to superintend the house and take charge of the child. My aunt Annette died without ever knowing the whole truth; and I took every care of the unfortunate woman on whose shoulders the responsibility for this sad tragedy rested.

* * * * * *

Six years afterwards, when every one had ceased to expect him, Lord Saxon came home. It was in June, and the nightingales had begun to sing. He asked me to walk with him to hear them; and where we had lingered when he first kissed me and lovingly whispered my name we now stood again. He told me how he was learning to love me when that fair but frail woman came between us and snatched his very soul away. He asked me to trust him with my love and to be his wife; while the nightingales sang as though they had always known how my story must end. I did not say "Yes" at once. It was not the passionate love of "long ago," but the more enduring love of maturer years, that I gave him. We were married; and I am now Lady Saxon of Dunroon, and the Dowager Lady Saxon was overjoyed at the realization of her long-deferred hopes. Sooth to say, I worship my husband, and we are very happy; but the words of that terrible letter haunt him. Nello is strong and brave; but there are times when I can see that he is nervous, and those times are when the wind sighs amongst the trees and we can hear the soft low sobbing of the waves on the shore.

But for all that we are happy; and I know now what the nightingales sing about in June.

THE END.

Blind Passion.

BY E. W. P.

"MY DEAR Nora, will you listen to reason?"

"Reason! You mean to your specious denials. Reason! I have, indeed, reason enough. Surely, I may believe my own eyes."

"My dear Nora, they are very beautiful eyes, as I have frequently told you; but they have deceived you in this instance."

"Pray do not imagine I am a silly girl, to be won over by flattery. I know the value of it."

"I have taken you until now, Nora, for the very reverse of a silly girl; but, by Jove——"

"That is right, swear, sir," interpolated the lady. "Pray do not let respect for me hinder you. I am not Nina Allson."

"If you were, Nora, you would be more amenable to argument," retorted the gentleman, biting his lip.

"Oh, of course. I am aware that, in your eyes, Nina Allson is perfection," with a toss of the beautiful, wilful face. "Yet you tell me I am deceived when I saw you flirting abominably with her."

"I say so, and I repeat it. We were waiting for you in the garden. And you kept us so outrageously long, that to pass the time as Miss Allson said she did not know croquet, but would like much to learn, the hoops being already placed, and the mallets and balls there, I offered to give her a first lesson. What harm is there in that?"

"I didn't say there was. I mentioned the flirting. I was watching you from my window."

"Upon my word," exclaimed the gentleman, beginning to lose the control over his temper which he had so well maintained, "if you are so foolishly jealous, as this, Nora, I fear there will be very little happiness in store for us as man and wife. I shall not be able to look at another woman——"

"It is not the looking, but the way you look. I may as well make full confession, Lisle. This is not the first time I have noticed your partiality to flirting, and it has made me think very seriously. If Nina were not so pretty——"

Lisle Cassells was striding up and down the drawing-room, trying by action to work his anger off harmlessly; but the charge against him was so unjust that for a moment his feelings, his indignation, found vent.

"By Heaven, Nora!" he cried, "this is too much. If you wish to break our engagement, say so, fairly and honestly. I will be agreeable to anything that will please you. I said just now, will you listen to reason? I really don't believe there is any reason in, or such a thing as reasoning, with you."

Nora Drake's cheek went pale, then flushed. A second she was silent, then rejoined, quietly:

"That is sufficient. If you did not mean what you said, then you will repent it, for from this moment, Lisle Cassells, everything is at an end between us. I should be sorry for you to wed a woman without reason. Henceforth you are free, so am I——"

"Nora, hear me! This is pure insanity!" he exclaimed, trying to obtain a hearing. "You don't, you can't mean it?"

"I do, most firmly," was the response, "as you will find. Therefore you can now propose to, and wed Nina as soon as you please, and——"

"Do not you marry Branscombe Harding, Nora," he burst in. "By Jove! I believe the fellow's put you up to this. He is my rival, I know—and therefore you'll not believe me, I suppose. But Heaven pity a girl of your disposition should she become wife to Branscombe Harding. Nora, trust me. I warn you."

"Thanks for your consideration," was the scornful response; "but I fancy it would make me worthy of your accusation that I am devoid of reason, if I were to accept the slanders of one rival against another, as truth. Good morning! I am so foolish, really, as to prefer being guided by my own judgment, not yours."

"Nora, hear me, I entreat!" cried Lisle, as she moved towards the door. "This is all so foolish. What do you wish me to say or do? Don't—for Heaven's sake, don't let us, in a moment of blind passion, say or do anything we may hereafter bitterly repent."

"What you may do I am unable to say, but repentance will certainly not be on my side. Good morning!"

Before he could utter another word, another protest, she had gone; and he saw but the door she had closed behind her.

Should he go after her? No. Better to act the injured and indignant. It might bring her to reason the sooner. What an absurd accusation to make! Oh, this green-eyed monster, jealousy!

Lisle Cassells, nevertheless, hesitated a moment longer; then, making a great effort, passed through the open windows into the grounds, and left the premises.

"She will come round. I know she loves me—she will come round."

From her window Nora saw him go—go, and never once look back.

"He is free and he is glad!" she ejaculated. "Oh, how blind I have been to imagine he loved me. This confirms it. He takes me at my word, and goes. Yet, how—how I loved him. I would have sacrificed even my life for his sake. Perhaps he knew it. I believe men scorn women who so love them. They are only true when they love, and are scorned. His cool audacity, his impertinence in warning me not to accept Branscombe Harding. At any rate, he does not flirt. Well, it does not matter; it is over now. There shall be no reconciliation from me, depend upon it."

During these sentences, Nora Drake had been pacing to and fro in a passionate fury. Now throwing herself into a chair, she burst into a wild paroxysm of weeping. It was quite true. None knew but herself how she loved Lisle Cassells. Equally none knew but she, the amount of jealous passion in her nature.

She and Lisle Cassells had met at a lawn tennis club about a year previously, had been mutually attracted, which had resulted in a declaration of love and an engagement.

Nora Drake was the belle of her set, consequently had many admirers, but none, not even all the devotion of Branscombe Harding, had had a chance against Lisle.

Two months, however, of their engagement had not passed before's intense love began to prove her bane; she grew absurdly jealous; and the result was that which has been narrated.

Of course rumor soon caught up and whispered about that there had been a lover's quarrel, and much speculation was rife at the lawn tennis club as to how it would end.

Some declared it was an engagement of such genuine affection that it would blow over in a few hours.

"Not if I know Nora," said one, tossing the tennis ball on her racket. "The nicest girl out, but too often blinded by passion ever, I fear, to hope for or to give happiness. If either gives in it must be Lisle Cassells.

"The one who was not to blame, eh? That isn't fair. It will only make her more ready to take title. If I were he, I'd stand out."

"Ah! Lisle will not do that; he loves her too much."

So Nora also imagined. Every day she thought: "I shall hear from him, or he will come before night."

Neither even, however, came off. A week passed. Each waited in vain for the other to make their first advance. Each was equally wretched. At last, Lisle wrote:

"DEAR NORA—I can't help thinking that, on calmly recalling the absurd scene that

parted us, you must feel some contrition, if not shame for charging me as you did. If this be so, make but a sign, send me but a word to say I may come, and I shall not hesitate. It has all been very foolish; I am sure you must see it now as I do. Let it be forgotten, and never again referred to by either. Yours affectionately,

"LISLE."

Lisle had consulted his chum about penning this missive, and the chum had said:

"My dear boy, as you are in no way to blame, I call that a manly and kind letter. She can't help seeing it in that light. What more would she have?"

In Nora's idea a great deal. She would have the man she loved, humble, penitent for those things he had said. She threw the letter from her, then would have cried her eyes out, had she not been going that afternoon to a garden-party.

"He believes he has but beckon to bring me to his hand, does he?" she thought, beating her foot on the floor, two angry red spots on her cheek. "He shall see—yes, this very day, he shall see."

* * * * * *

"I say, Brust," asked a young fellow, overtaking another in flannels, during the garden-party, "have you heard the news? Nora Drake has accepted Branscombe Harding."

"No! Nonsense! Absurd!"

"It's true; Branscombe told me so himself."

And true, indeed, it was. Oh, blind, blind passion!

"Pray, miss, who gave you permission to pick my flowers? Why, by Jove! that white rose, the flower of the flock, has gone."

The speaker was a gentleman in morning costume, velveteen coat, and easy hat. He had just sauntered through the French windows of an elegant breakfast-room on to a lovely lawn, bordered by beds of well-tended flowers, about which flitted, like a butterfly, a handsome child of five years old or so, a bright, fairy little thing, with golden hair to her waist.

"Oh, papa, you must not mind. Indeed, you must not," exclaimed the child, running to him, a pretty seriousness on her infantile features, her waxen hands full of flowers. "Must he, mamma?"

The interrogation was addressed to a beautiful woman, with a sweet happy smile on her gentle features, who, following her husband from the room, now slipped her arm into his, saying, as with maternal pride she looked down at the little fairy:

"Certainly not, Mopsy. And I am sure he will not when he knows. The truth is, Lisle, Mopsy has made a new friend. The Alders is let, you know—taken by a lady in delicate health. Well, it appears, when Mopsy was walking with her nurse the other day, they were caught in the storm, and the lady gave them shelter while it lasted. During that time the lady and Mopsy struck up a great friendship, and Mopsy promised to come again and again, and bring her flowers."

"And, papa," put in Mopsy, gravely, "you told me, you know, to be a real lady I should never break my word."

"Quite right, pet; take the flowers by all means. Let us see what you have, and mamma shall arrange them."

All sitting down on the lawn, they began to select the blossoms, rather the mother and child, for Lisle Casselis—for he it was—lounging, on his elbow, did little more than smoke and give his advice.

The morning was bright and sunny, the air was fresh, invigorating, clear, as if the old woman of nursery lore, who took a flight upward to sweep cobwebs out of the sky, had most thoroughly performed her office, and the little group on the lawn, backed by the handsome villa and encircled by the glorious bloom of the flower-beds, made a picture of domestic happiness that many and many in this world might, nay, would have envied.

One person evidently did. A tall, slender lady in dark clothes, and closely veiled, who stood on a part of the road where, through a break in the hedge, the husband, wife, and child were visible; her hands gripped the iron boundary rail so tightly it must have been pain to the delicate fingers. Then she hastened away, murmuring:

"Oh! fool—fool! The peri without the gates of Paradise, which she must never enter. Closed—closed for ever."

"And what kind of lady is your friend, Mopsy?" asked Lisle.

"Very pretty, like mamma, only she doesn't smile like mamma, and sometimes when she looks her eyes are so—so bright, as if—as if there were big tears in them. I said, 'Have you any children ma'am?' and she said, 'No, my dear, not now.'"

"And that was the time you saw the tears—eh, Mopsy?" asked the lady, with true maternal sympathy.

"Yes, mamma. Why hasn't she children now?"

"Perhaps, dear, they have died."

"Nellie," put in Lisle, "who is this lady of the Alders? Might you not call upon her?"

"Certainly, dear; but it is said she is in very delicate health. Is suffering, indeed, from an incurable disease, and does not care for visitors. I met her once; she is still, and has been, very beautiful, but, oh, the amount of trouble and sadness in the eyes! She looked at me so intently, so strangely, that I felt half inclined to bow; but, at the instant, she averted her face, and hurried past."

"Oh, pet, I should call," said Lisle. "It must be a lonely life in that place, buried among the trees. Should she refuse to see you, or does not return your call, what harm is done? But I'll back you, Ellen, to win your way to anyone's heart."

"What a flatterer you are, Lisle," smiled the young wife. "But I'll call to-morrow."

That evening, as Lisle sauntered in the garden, smoking his after-dinner cigar, while his wife's clear, sweet voice, singing, came floating from the drawing-room, an old woman, pushing back the gate, came hobbling towards him.

"You are Mr. Casselis, oh, please?" she asked.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Help, please. My mistress, at the Alders, has been took very bad, and she told me to come for you; she knew you would help her."

"Most certainly, if I can be of any service. Stay."

A moment he paused. Should he take Ellen with him? Perhaps not. Who could tell who this woman was? To say the least of it, it was strange she should summon him and not Ellen. But go alone.

He followed the old woman out of the grounds, and hastened down the road, and, as he went, imagined a history for this woman he was about to see, Mopsy's new friend.

The Alders was about half a mile away, standing quite alone, and thickly surrounded by trees. Passing through the gate, the old woman led the way to the porch, then into the house.

On the threshold, Lisle, looking back, saw the trees clumped in dark masses, and the delicate crescent moon sailing above them in the opal sky. All through his life he never forgot that peaceful scene.

Opening a door, putting in her head, the servant said:

"Mr. Casselis's here, m'm."

"Let him enter."

The next moment Lisle stepped in. The door closed.

The apartment was a drawing-room, tastefully furnished. The lamp was shaded. On a couch at one side reclined a lady. In the dimness, he saw but her dark attire, the luminous pallor of her face.

"I regret to learn you are ill," he said; "you think I can be of service; if I can——"

"Please come a little further; there—now, Lisle Casselis, look at me. I am changed, but you will recognize me."

He took one step nearer, then started back with a cry.

"Nora!"

"Yes," she remarked, with a sad smile. "Mrs. Harding. Lisle, do you recollect warning me against that man? Would that I had believed you—but blind passion drove me into his arms, and I am here, dying—he the cause."

"He?"

"Hear me. When I came to this place, I did not know you were dwelling near. I learned it from your little girl. So I have sent for you, to tell you of my folly—of—" she paused, then added, "my repentance."

"Nora," he began, with much emotion.

"Hush! I do not ask you to forgive me, for I know, as you contemplate your present home, you must bless me for having set you free. You know, as I do now—for I am a wiser woman—that I could never have made you so happy as your present sweet wife. I went my own way, and—I am suffering the penalty."

"Nora, you will live. Are you having advice?" he began, when she stopped him.

"The best—but all is of no avail. I am dying of a disease"—she placed her hand on her bosom—"caused by a blow from my husband."

Lisle uttered a cry of rage.

"Hush! It freed me from my chains. I left him. But the disease is incurable; to-night I have had my warning. Lisle, after all, I say—forgive me. Let us part friends."

He took the white, thin hand she held towards him, and kneeling, pressed it to his lips. There were tears in his eyes, and he felt no shame that they fell.

Then he rose quickly, summoning the old woman, for Nora had fainted.

When he called at the Alders the next day, he learned that Nora had died in the night, the victim to blind passion.

Mopsy often puts flowers on her grave, and it is Mrs. Casselis who takes her to the churchyard to do so.

A good old time member of the Methodist Church whose keen appreciation of humor is only one of many pleasing characteristics, relates with rare gusto the following story: For a meeting of the congregation a certain subject was announced for discussion. The members were invited and expected to participate in the debate or consultation. When the hour for adjournment was almost reached a male client of the creed arose. He was notoriously long-winded. When delivering an address or opinion he treated the possibility of eternity with contempt. In this case the audience could not escape. He held it there some time over an hour and finally sat down, to the great relief of the people. The Pastor glanced at the programme for the evening. Unfortunately for him, perhaps, this preacher had designated on the written slip only the number of the hymn to be sung. Consequently he announced: "We will sing hymn number three." And number three turned out to be no less a triumphal selection than the grand old "Hallelujah, 'Tis Done." Perhaps never before in the history of that congregation was the moving melody sung with more meaning and enthusiasm.

HER LITTLE BROTHER.—Little Tommy was entertaining one of his sister's admirers until she appeared. "Don't you come to see my sister?" he enquired. "Yes, Tommy, that's what I come for." "You like her immensely, don't you?" "Of course, I admire her very much. Don't you think she is nice?" "Well, I have to, 'cause she's my sister; but she thumps me pretty hard sometimes. But let's see you open your mouth once. Now shut it tight till I count ten. There—I knowed you could do it." "Why, Tommy, who said I couldn't?" "Oh, nobody but sister!" "What did she say?" "Well, she said you hadn't sense enough to keep your mouth shut, and I bet her two big apples you had. And you have, haven't you? And you'll make her stump up the apples, won't you?" The young man did not wait to see whether she would "stump up" or not.

SHE WAS DOING HER SHARE.—The young physician was tired when he returned from his evening's calls, but as he settled back in his easy chair and his pretty wife of only a month or two took a seat beside him, he asked affectionately:

"And has my little wife been lonely?"

"Oh, no," she said, animatedly. "At least, not very. I've found something to busy myself with."

"Indeed!" he said. "What is it?"

"O, I'm organizing a class. A lot of young girls and married women are in it, and we're exchanging experiences and teaching each other how to cook."

"What do you do with the things you cook?" he asked, interestedly.

"O, we send them to the neighbors just to show what we can do. There's one boarding house gets most of it. It's lots of fun."

"Dear little woman," he said, leaning over and kissing her. "Always thoughtful of your husband's practice. Always anxious to extend it."

THANK: "Here's twenty-five cents. I want ter pay it to you for that free lunch, and then you throw in five glasses o' beer. See?" Bartender: "Twenty-five cents will buy the beer. The lunch is free, you know." "I don't want 'er that way. I want to pay a quarter for the lunch and git the beer free. See?" "It's all one either way. What difference does it make!" "It's a matter o' personal honor, sir. I promised th' ole lady wot give me the quarter that I'd spend it for something to eat. See?"

"WHY doesn't your beau come to the house, Mary, instead of asking you to go out walking with him?" "I'm sure I don't know. He is attentive enough, and all that, but he doesn't seem to care to come to the house." "Has he ever been to the house at all?" "Yes, one night, and he cannot say that he wasn't entertained, for I played and sang to him everything I could think of."

Bric-a-Brac.

PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED.—Before printing the distinction of published and unpublished books was known. The books published were such of which copies were taken and dispersed into many hands,—unpublished, such as were written only for the owner's own use, or to be set up in libraries.

THE LARGEST.—The "Bo-o," the largest flower known to the botanists, is found only on the island of Mindina, the most southern of the Philippine group. Its scientific name is somewhat longer than its native name, the botanists recognizing it as rafflesia schadenbergia. It was first discovered in January, 1880, by an exploring expedition headed by Dr. Alexander Schadenberg. Single flowers of the "bo-o" weigh from 18 to 20 pounds.

BARBER AND NOBLE.—A pretty story is told a nobleman whom his barber left half-shaved, and in a great hurry. His lordship thought the man was mad, and sent to inquire after him. He returned in person and thus explained himself: "I was not mad, my lord, but the sight of that heap of guineas on your dressing table, and the remembrance of my starving family so affected me, that if I had stayed another minute I should have cut your throat." "I am glad you didn't do that," said his lordship, gently, "and by all means take the guineas. I won them at the gambling table, and should doubtless have lost them there."

HAIDAH GAMBLING STICKS.—The Haidah Indians, of British Columbia, gamble with sticks of spruce wood, about five inches in length, carved or stained with totemic devices. The game is played by any number of persons. A "dealer" sits on the ground; with a pile of shredded cedar bark in front of him and with much ceremony draws out the sticks, one by one, without looking at them, and passes them to the players in turn, who sit in front of him. Each device counts a certain number, and the winning is by high or low, or definite or specific amounts. A set of plaster casts in the University Museum illustrates the carved devices on one of the finest sets known, now in the United States National Museum, and two perfect sets are about to be added to the one already deposited by Lieutenant Gorgas.

HAIRPINS.—Hairpins are made by automatic and very complicated machines. The coiled wire is put upon drums, and becomes straightened as it feeds itself to the machine. It passes along until it reaches two cutters, which point the ends at the same time that they cut it to the length required. This piece of wire then slips along an iron plate until it reaches a slot, through which it is pressed into the regular shape. The hairpins are then put into a pan and japanned, after which they are heated in an oven with a temperature of from 300 to 400 degrees. There are but four American factories. The largest are in Birmingham and Waterbury, Conn., the others in Philadelphia and Brooklyn. Five hundred thousand dollars' worth of hairpins are annually imported from England, France and Germany.

BREAKING DOWN.—Some men are invincible by nature. No failure can break them down. But there are thousands of men of superior intellect who are deficient in this glorious gift. Which of us cannot call to mind some individual of this class who, after battling manfully against perverse circumstances for a time, at last gave up, acknowledged himself beaten, and tacitly admitted that his life was a miserable failure? Many a man has thus broken down when one more vigorous essay would have tided him over his difficulties, brought him into smooth water, and enabled him to snap his fingers triumphantly at a world which scarcely bestowed a pitying look on him as he threw up his arms and ceased to struggle.

DROWNED IN A PITCHER.—There were few plants in which so big a creature as a rat could be found drowned, but the Nepenthes is just the plant for such a catastrophe. It is a native of certain parts of India and China. What gives it fame, however, is the fact that each leaf ends in a kind of pitcher, which is, curiously enough, also supplied with a lid, believed to be the true blade of the leaf. The plant yields a fluid that is received, along with a good deal of rain as well, in the pitcher. Not long since a rat was found dead in one of the pitchers of Nepenthes rajah, which grows on Mount Kina Balu. As some of these receptacles will hold a quart of liquid, the incident is quite possible, especially as the animal could not escape without the utmost difficulty.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

BY A. S. G.

The fall of the leaf is the theme of my song:
No grandeur and pomp to my subject belong:
But the motto is surely expressive, though brief—
We may learn to be wise from the Fall of the Leaf.

From the voice of the instruction we oft turn aside;
From the proofs of mortality spread far and wide;
And, why? but to seek some delusive relief—
To expect painful thoughts of the Fall of the Leaf.

Thou sweet fragile emblem of human decay,
May I never behold the breeze bear thee away,
Without thinking of death, that sure solace of grief,
When I, too, shall resemble the Fall of the Leaf.

Oh! when from terrestrial things I shall part,
May I soar to the skies, and each friend of my heart
Exultingly rise to a certain relief,
No longer regretting—the Fall of the Leaf.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," "HUSHED UP," "GWEN DALE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V—(CONTINUED).

I HAD just finished washing my hands and flattening my hateful bands of black hair still lower over my ears, when a rattling of tea-cups in the adjoining room proclaimed the return of Rachel. She had laid out a tempting little meal for me on the round table, lighted a 'Queen's' reading-lamp with a green shade, and drawn up a comfortable chair in front of the small tea tray.

"'There, miss; now I hope you'll sit down and make yourself comfortable,' she said encouragingly, hovering round me as I took my seat and prepared to pour out a cup of tea. 'I've brought you a new-laid egg; eggs is nourishing, and you look to me as if, with them pale cheeks, you wanted feeding up a bit; there's a slice or two of ham to eat with your bread-and-butter, and I'll look in by-and-bye and fetch your tray when you've finished. There's a bell by the fireplace if you happen to want anything; and—oh, that reminds me! I was going to say that, if you liked, I could come and fetch you by-and-by and put you in a snug corner where you could see all our folks arming each other in to dinner without their seeing you. Me and the second housemaid generally has a peep when there's a party, and to-night it will be grander than usual—the house being full besides. They must cross the entrance hall, you see, to get to the dining-room; and there's a carved oak screen close to the front door that two or three people can stand behind and no one a bit the wiser, and a regular kind of lattice-work that you can look through; but, of course, it's just as you like,' she added, with a slight toss of her head, detecting a momentary hesitation on my part.

"I hastened to thank her and to accept her offer; it would never do, I felt, to risk offending my only friend.

"'But you must promise me that there is no chance of my being seen,' I put in, by way of a caution. 'I should not like to seem to be prying about directly after my arrival; and you see I am a little lame, and not able to get about as quickly as you are.' I have practised my slight limp so successfully, by-the-bye, that it comes quite naturally to me now. I only hope I shall be able to walk properly again when all this is over.

"'Oh, there's no fear of your being seen; we shall go down the back stairs and through the offices, of course!' said Rachel. 'Dinner's early to-night—half-past seven, I heard the men say. It's mostly at eight, you know; but some of the people have a long way to drive. I must be off and do my rooms now, or I shall catch it; but I'll come and fetch you five minutes before the gong sounds, and then you'll have time to get down quietly.'

"She whisked out of the room and disappeared without waiting for an answer, and, left alone, I set to work to unpack my solitary trunk and to make myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. This did not take me long however, as Miss Hayward's wardrobe is meagre in the extreme; and, when I had put away the two or three changes of ready-made linen that I had bought and marked 'C. H.' as a precaution against any tell-tale gossip and hung up my second black serge frock and my one jacket in the old-fashioned wardrobe, I had literally nothing more to do.

"I was just meditating a raid into the library in search of a book, when I heard a great fumbling and fussing on the steep little staircase leading to my rooms, and the next minute Sir Geoffrey himself appeared at the sitting-room door, having first executed a loud double thump upon the outside of it like a postman's knock. He was dressed just as I had first seen him at Mr. Simcox's office, minus the broad felt hat, and his mane of white hair looked longer and his eyebrows bushier and fiercer than ever.

"'So you've come, then!' he remarked abruptly, with a rapid glance round the room which seemed to take in everything, myself included.

"I confess I quailed before him—never be an impostor, Jackie, my dear; you've no idea how dreadful it feels!—but, reflecting that it would never do to begin by being frightened, I screwed up my courage and told him that I had arrived about an hour ago.

"'Ay! And I've been sitting on that confounded bench half the day trying to find out whether a poor beggar of a gipsy-lad put one of my hares in his pocket or if it jumped there of its own accord!' he exclaimed savagely. 'A sheer waste of time and useless expenditure of mental force, I call it! If you'll remind me to-morrow, I'll write a letter to the 'Times' advising the abolition of the Game Laws, or you shall do it for me. I can give you the heads now, if you like to take them; but perhaps you're tired, Miss——'

"'Hayward. No, sir, I am not at all tired,' I replied. 'But would it not be better to think the matter over a little first? You might possibly——'

"'Oh, no—I never think!' he interrupted sharply. 'The worst possible plan, I assure you! Act on impulse and strike when the iron is hot—that's what I've done all my life. The man who deliberates is lost, you know. Eh—what? You don't think so?'—eyeing me narrowly.

"'I am afraid you might consider me rude, sir, if I capped your proverb with another. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,"' I said boldly. It was a frightful piece of impertinence on my part, and I really don't know how I dared to say it; but I have an innate conviction that, if one is to win Sir Geoffrey's liking at all, it must be by having the courage of one's opinions, even if they happen to be in direct opposition to his own. All his life he has been flattered, cajoled, and deferred to, until nobody belonging to him has the temerity to contradict him—hence his dogmatic tyrannical ways. I think my answer took him rather aback; but he did not seem at all offended.

"'Humph! Well, perhaps you're right,' he remarked after a moment's pause. 'Seen the library?'

"'I passed through it on my way up here. I can scarcely say I have seen it—the room was so dark. You seem to have a fine collection of books, sir,' I said, bent on conciliation.

"'Ay, I have that—not a better in the county for its size!' he replied rather proudly; evidently a belief in his own possessions is a strong point in his character. 'There's generally been a scholar and a man of letters—sometimes more than one—amongst the Treshams in each generation, but the race seems declining somehow. I doubt if my successors will so much as recognize the value of half the treasures on yonder shelves; or, if they do, it will only be for the sake of turning them into hard cash, to pay for some crowning act of folly or extravagance.'

"His fine old face looked quite mournful for a moment as he spoke, and I longed to tell him that I hoped one future representative of the family, at any rate, would ultimately develop a taste for literature. I dare say Lance's indifference to, or rather distaste for, any kind of study is annoying to his uncle, who, although his mind is neither concentrated nor well-balanced enough to ensure his excelling in any scientific or artistic pursuit he takes up, is notwithstanding a clever man.

"Nothing would satisfy him but that I should explore the library with him then and there, so between us we managed to light the lamps—a pair of handsome bronzes, standing on noble pedestals to correspond, fastened to the door—and I was busy ransacking the shelves under his direction in search of a particular edition of Molière's plays, which he wished to show me, when the cathedral clock on the black marble chimney-piece chimed the quarter after seven, and at the same moment a great bell pealed loudly in the lower part of the house.

"'There goes the warning bell. Bless me, I shall be late!' exclaimed my employer. 'I'd better be off, I suppose. Good-night, Miss Hayward; nine o'clock to-morrow morning, mind!'

"He was hurrying out of the room when a thought seemed to strike him, and he turned back.

"'By-the-bye, you came in the same train with one of our visitors, Miss Carstairs—a fine handsome young woman—didn't you?' he said. 'Can you tell me, did my nephew—oh, of course you wouldn't know him—did a good-looking fellow, with a long foxy-colored moustache and a tanned face, meet the train?'

"It was lucky for me I was occupied in turning down the lamps we had lighted, for this flattering description of poor Lance's personal charms made me laugh in spite of myself. Fancy that petted chestnut moustache, his most valued possession, be called foxy!

"'Yes, sir; a gentleman certainly met us—Miss Carstairs, I mean,' I answered cautiously; 'and I think—I am almost sure—he had a fair moustache, as well as I could see in the twilight.'

"'That's all right!' He was going off, but paused once more. 'You diddn't notice, I suppose? Did he seem glad to see her—attentive, I mean, you know; the sort of thing women like?' he asked, in a hesitating tone.

"It cost me a pang to answer, Jackie; but I told him the truth.

"'Yes, sir, I thought the gentleman very attentive; and the lady seemed extremely pleased to see him, I am quite sure.'

"'That's well! That's just as it should be. Makes a good-looking pair—don't they? Eh?' he remarked, with a satisfied sort of chuckle, and, without waiting for an answer, ambled off, to my great relief.

"I extinguished the lamps and sought my own little domain with, I must confess, a sinking heart. Lance is evidently right on one point; this marriage between his nephew and the heiress is, without doubt, the one absorbing desire of Sir Geoffrey's heart just now. The idea of running counter to his wishes would undoubtedly be attended with absolute ruin. Only one person in the world apparently could help us in our dire strait, and that person is Miss Carstairs herself. If one could only know what her feelings on the subject are—whether she really cares for Lance and takes his attentions in earnest, or whether she distrusts him and is only amusing herself!

"I was pacing up and down my small sitting-room, trying to think the matter out, when my friend Rachel came running through the library and up the staircase in search of me.

"'Hurry, hurry, miss; I thought you'd have been outside the library door waiting!' she exclaimed breathlessly. 'It's just on the stroke of the half-hour, and I've got Mr. Jenkins to give us three minutes' law, just to let us get behind the screen before he sounds the gong. Make haste—follow me!'

"She ran on in front as she spoke, and I hurried after her. "At the bottom of the corkscrew staircase leading into the tower a swing door covered with red baize shuts off the approach to the servants' offices. We ran through it, Rachel leading the way, and down three or four long draughty passages lighted with oil-lamps, and with open doors leading into pantries, soullories, 'etcaetera,' on each side. I caught a glimpse of the great kitchen, with its endless paraphernalia of pots and pans and an important-looking 'chef' in a white cap.

Another second, and we had emerged by another swing side-door into the great entrance hall I had already seen. It was brilliantly lighted now by four massive standard lamps, and an immense log blazed in the great cavern of a fireplace.

"As we glided behind the carved oak screen near the front-door, pushed out a foot or two from the wall to admit of our easy ingress and egress, the important Mr. Jenkins, clad in glossy black with white tie, rang a sounding peal on the great brass gong hanging on its stand close to our hiding-place, and at the same instant two footmen, stationed on either side of the heavy velvet 'portieres' shutting off the inner hall, drew them back simultaneously, and the guests came slowly filing out towards the dining-room. Through the carved lattice-work in the middle of the screen we could see them all quite distinctly.

"'Don't it look lovely? Just like a play!' whispered my companion enthusiastically.

"I do not know why, but that absurd Noah's ark song that Tots is so fond of would keep running in my head as I looked. 'The animals came in two by two,' I found myself saying as Sir Geoffrey appeared, leading the way with a portly old dowager, all diamonds and feathers.

"'Lady Maria Maxell, wife of the Conservative member,' murmured Rachel in explanatory tones. 'Master arms her in because she's the biggest swell.'

"Four more old men, white-haired and bald-headed, short and tall, fat and thin, with presumably other men's wives leaning on their arms, followed.

"'I don't care to see the fogies! What-ever do they come out for, I wonder?' remarked Rachel irreverently. 'The young ones are better worth looking at. Ah, here comes Miss Carstairs—with the Captain, of course! They'll make a match of it this time for certain. Well, I will say they are a handsome couple; and don't he look sweet at her too? My—there's a gown!'

"Oh, Jackie dear, it was a gown! Pale yellow of the softest richest silk, fitting her to perfection, and fastened on the shoulders here and there with bunches of the loveliest ostrich feathers. I thought of my one evening frock hanging up in the cupboard at the Cottage—that cream-colored Surah silk—getting old-fashioned because I never have occasion to put it on, and of my coral necklace that I wore when I was a child, and the thin Indian gold chain, the only ornament my poor mother had to leave me; and a pang of downright vulgar jealousy filled my heart.

"Why should Polly Carstairs have everything and I nothing? She and Lance looked so happy too. He was evidently praising her gown—you know what good taste he has—and his handsome head was bent quite close to her beautifully-arranged dark hair as he spoke to her, and she smiled up into his face at what he said. After all, she is the proper match for him. People would say he had spoiled his life by marrying a portionless little red-headed girl like me. I don't think Enoch Arden, watching his unconscious wife and her second husband through the cottage window while he lurked without, a houseless homeless wanderer, felt much more miserable than I did at the moment when my husband passed, with that happy, thoughtless, prosperous woman leaning on his arm, within a yard of where I stood concealed. If it were not for Tots, I believe I could find it in my heart to disappear like Enoch and trouble nobody any more.

"'See there, miss, that little woman in pink—that's Mrs. Trevor, of our house visitors,' whispered Rachel eagerly. 'She is a Tartar to her maid—and her husband too, for that matter, they say, for all she looks so smiling now. Ah, she's got one of the officers from the barracks for a beau to-night; and, my, doesn't young Mr. Grant look savage? He's just desperate about her, you know. Here he comes, with Miss Maxwell leaning on his arm. Fat, isn't she, and got her dress laced all askew, I can see? This old lady is Lady Louisa Grant, his mother, walking with General Gresley; you'd never thing he'd a glass eye, would you? His gentleman told me the General paid hundreds of pounds for it, and that he wraps it up himself in a cambric handkerchief and puts it to bed every night like a baby. Lady Louisa was in a fine stew to-night, I can tell you. Young Mr. Grant, it seems, had ordered a bokay from Covent Garden for Mrs. Trevor, and somehow the box got taken to his mother's room by mistake, and she opened it. Her maid said she didn't know how she got her ladyship dressed afterwards, she was that frantic.'

"Rachel's stream of gossip appeared inexhaustible; and it was a relief to me when the procession ended with Miss Tresham, splendid in violet velvet and Brussels lace, who was leaning on the arm of some county magnate whose name I forget, and the dining-room door was closed. We were free then to emerge from our hiding-place, and, taking advantage of my companion's prolonged fit of giggling and whispering with a young footman who was hurrying across the hall with a pile of plates, I rushed back to my own room as quickly as I could. Fatigue, overwhelming bodily fatigue, seemed to overcome me when I arrived there; and I made up my mind to try if a good night's rest would restore my energies by the time I wanted them again. Honestly speaking, I have never really slept, except by snatches, since the idea of this stolen visit to Tresham Park first dawned upon me.

"My letter is already far too long, and, if I am to get to Brierly and back before Sir Geoffrey wants me again, I must close this and start at once. I hoped to have given you an account of my first day's

work before I ended; but there is no time. In about a week I will write again and report progress.

"Give my darling millions of kisses for me. You would telegraph—guardedly, of course, but still telegraph—if he ailed or anything went wrong.

"Your loving friend, CECILY."

CHAPTER VI.

"Wednesday, November :—

DEAREST JACKIE—Yesterday week I wrote and posted my first letter to you. Since then a good deal has happened, and I am not, on the whole, dissatisfied with the way things are going on; but still my object is a long way off completion at present. To begin from where I left off, I will give you an account of how I spent my first day in my capacity of secretary to Sir Geoffrey Tresham. I woke early—about seven, I think—having slept soundly all night. I suppose I was so thoroughly tired out, both mentally and physically, that there was literally no resisting nature any longer.

"My first thought, when I saw the pale gray daylight stealing in through the drawn red curtains of my window, was of—don't laugh—my wig. I had had serious ideas, I must tell you, of sleeping in it to avoid all possibilities of surprise, etcetera; but, on reflection, decided that, with the door locked, my worst enemy could hardly take me unawares, and that my zeal in burthening myself with my disguise in bed would be rather on a par with that of the actor who insisted on blacking himself all over when playing the part of Othello, and a needless penance to undergo.

"But now in momentary expectation of Rachel's warning knock—for I had begged her to call me in good time—I dared not delay an instant; and I fixed the horrid thing on to my head as quickly as I could, having squeezed and flattened my own tell-tale locks beneath it with remorseless energy. I confess I felt it rather hard. Why couldn't I have twisted my hair into a lovely soft coil on the top like Mrs. Trevor's, and stuck a jet arrow through it and curled up my poor mangled fringe, and washed the hateful black off my eyebrows, and pulled in my corset—I am wearing my stays a quarter of a yard apart, my dear, to make myself look flat and dowdy—and put on my best frock—that fawn-colored cloth does fit me very well, although of course it will not bear comparison with the dresses the women wear here—and then sailed down to breakfast—'Mrs. Lancelot Tresham,' if you please? Fancy the lively consternation depicted on every one's countenance at my appearance!

"I laughed out loud to myself at the mere thought of it, and just at that minute came a rap outside, and Rachel's voice, 'A quarter to eight, please, miss; and I've brought your bath water.'

"While I was dressing I could hear her lighting the fire in my sitting-room and setting it generally to rights; and by the time I was ready she had arranged my breakfast on the little round table and vanished, greatly to my relief, for her vulgar gossip is very distasteful to my ears, and yet I dare not offend her, for she is the only person from whom I am likely to learn the comings and goings of the visitors in the house.

"The view from my sitting-room window is delightful—such a change from the smoky London streets. It happened to be a dry frosty morning; not a breath of air was stirring, and the great trees in the park stood out bare and brown, every tiny twinge visible against the pale gray sky, dappled here and there with small white clouds. Along one of the footpaths that intersect the great expanse of gray-green turf, on which a thin coat of sparkling frost lay like a mantle, came a girl in a red cloak, with a basket on her arm and a shepherd's shaggy dog at her heels. These two objects and a flight of small birds, like ink-dots upon the sky, were the only things moving. Sound there was none! In the extreme distance a church tower—Brierly Church—was just visible against a background of dark-blue hills. Over all brooded the calm ineffable peace of the country. I wonder people are ever wicked except in towns.

"My breakfast did not occupy me long. By the time I had finished it I heard the clock in the library chime the quarter to nine; and it struck me I might as well proceed there at once, so that Sir Geoffrey would find me in readiness for him. A good fire of logs burned cheerily on the wide hearth; and I was just examining the pens on the heavy silver inkstand and choosing one that I thought would suit me to write with, when the door opened and my master came in. He gave me a nod by way of salutation, being evidently bent on business, and, seating himself at once in a large circular-backed Windsor chair, evidently his favorite seat, produced a bunch of keys from his pockets, of which he selected one and held it out to me.

"'Unlock that desk, will you?'—indicating a large oak box with brass handles standing on a small table against the wall. 'I always keep my MS. there.'

"I obeyed instructions without speaking. The desk opened, revealed indeed a mass of written sheets executed in a small crabbed hand, most difficult to decipher, and rendered more so by the fact that at least half the words were abbreviated, as I could see at a glance. I confess my heart sank at the idea of reducing such a chaos to order, but I restrained my feelings and proceeded to take out the pages one by one.

"'You see,' remarked Sir Geoffrey airily, 'there may be a little difficulty in putting the work in its proper sequence just at first, because my plan is never to number the sheets when I write. I merely jot down my ideas as they occur to me, with extracts from suitable authors bearing on the subjects I have chosen; and your task is to reduce my composition to a harmonious whole, and correct any clerical errors, and so on, of which I may have been guilty.'

"A harmonious whole! Imagine, dear Jackie, a hopeless jumble of geological minutiæ respecting the soil of Creamshire, its secondary and tertiary strata, with their accompanying fossils under the most appalling Latin names, the causes of change in the formation of the earth, such as disintegration by rivers, etcetera, disruptive effects of volcanoes and earthquakes and all the rest of it, the periods of formation and deposition of organic life, all exemplified by copious quotations from half-a-dozen obsolete writers, besides pages of extracts from Sir Charles Lyell, Murchison, and half-a-dozen other celebrated geologists; so that very little of the subject-matter of the work is the production of Sir Geoffrey's pen at all.

"What on earth could ever have induced the foolish old man to waste his time on such an undertaking is certainly a mystery; and it requires the patience of Job to wade through the mass of uninteresting matter he has collected, and put it into a readable form—to say nothing of the difficulty of deciphering his writing, which is a Herculean labor in itself, I can assure you! Fortunately, I am pretty well used to manuscript deciphering and copying, as you know, for my dear old father was for ever writing essays and papers on abstruse subjects and sending them to reviews and magazines, where they were nearly always rejected as not calculated to interest the general reading public, so that the task did not appear quite so alarming to me as it might have done; and then my heart was in it, of course.

"If I can win the good opinion of Sir Geoffrey by minute attention to and interest in his library work—futile as it is—it will be a great step gained. To that end I would give almost anything to find out for a certainty that the range of blue hills I noticed from my bedroom-window this morning came there by a sudden upheaval of Nature, which he is anxious to prove—out of pure contradiction, I believe—instead of from the mere subsidence of the sea, which happens to be the generally-received opinion.

"At first however we did not progress very fast owing to a wild idea on my employer's part that he could afford me valuable assistance by dictating his composition to me while I wrote. Anything more fatal could hardly be imagined, for of course, in common with many another author, he found it impossible to make out his own scrawl; and I must say—although I could hardly resist a good fit of laughing at him—it was an immense relief when he suddenly pitched an offending sheet of foolscap right across the room with an exclamation of, 'There—deuce take the thing! I'll be hanged if I can make head or tail of a word of it, and I don't believe you can either!'

"We got on better after that; a footman made his appearance opportunely with the morning papers, and Sir Geoffrey retired rather sulkily behind them and left me to my own devices. For half-an-hour and more my pen travelled steadily over the paper, and the silence remained unbroken except for the cracking of the coals in the grate, the rustling of the newspaper as my companion turned the sheets, and sundry explosive interjections, coughs, and smothered expletives that burst from his lips from time to time, in relation to what he happened to be reading.

"'"Lost.—A bull-pup, thoroughbred; black patch over one eye"—what a brute; good thing it's gone, I should say! "Dropped, between Hanover Square and Hammersmith, a gold watch and chain." Dear, dear, how careless people are! Why don't they put on their finery so that it doesn't drop off them? "Found"—Oh, somebody's found something this time, have they? H'm, let's see what it is! Not worth having, I'll be bound, or they'd keep it and say nothing. "Found.—An old"—ah, I'll wager it's something old!—"an old gray talking-parrot, blind of one eye, and with one claw on right foot missing. Owner can have it on paying expenses. Apply to 61, Lavender Road, Camberwell. N.B.—It swears dreadfully." The deuce it does! I've half a mind to send for that bird myself; I'd go and see it if I was in town. Hallo! What's this? "New Patent Applepeeler. Peels one hundred apples in three minutes; warranted; small, elegant apparatus; takes no room. A boon to cooks, etcetera. Price 3s. 9d. Size six inches by four inches. C. Crosbie, ironmonger, 15, Fenchurch street, London." I'll have one at once!'

"He emerged from behind his paper, and, stepping up to where I sat, glanced over my shoulder while I wrote.

"'"Diluvial formation!" You don't say you've got there already? Well, at that rate our Pre-historic Days of Creamshire will be in the press long before the month is out! You've got through more in an hour, young woman, let me tell you, than old Crowe would in a month, and done it better too. But you needn't be puffed up about it; the five-and-twenty pounds bait has done the trick—not you! I always say there's nothing so mercenary as a woman. I never met but one who wasn't, and she——'

"He came to such an abrupt pause in the middle of his sentence that I felt it only polite to ask how this ornament to her sex had managed to distinguish herself; but he did not appear inclined to gratify my curiosity.

"'Oh, she made a fool of herself the other way,' he answered shortly; and, before either of us could say any more, there came a sudden rap at the library-door, and a familiar voice, which seemed to bring my heart into my throat, asked for admittance.

"Luckily for me, the writing-table was placed, not facing the windows, but in a side light, so that, as I sat, one of the heavy crimson curtains shaded my face and prevented the full glare of daylight from falling upon it. I was thankful for the shelter, such as it was, I can assure you, and even then I bent my head so low over my writing as Lance came lounging close to where I was sitting that my features must have been quite hidden from view; only the immaculate parting of my wig, with its even back coil of elaborate black plaits, was visible, I know.

"'Hard at work, sir, as usual. Well, the book will be out soon now, I suppose,' he remarked casually, taking up his own familiar position on the Turkey hearthrug, and leaning his elbow, as he always does, upon the marble mantlepiece. At home I always expect to see half-a-dozen of my little cheap Japanese adornments go smash into the fender when he assumes this favorite attitude; but here the heavy bronze candlesticks and spillcases are not likely to come to grief.

"Sir Geoffrey, however, surveyed Lance with some displeasure.

"'The book, sir, would have been out at least six months ago if I had had any one about me with a spark of intelligence or industry instead of a pack of ignorant idle fools!' he replied severely. 'As you are doubtless aware, enterprises are not usually completed by lounging about with one's hands in one's breeches pockets, or by playing pool and drinking whiskey and soda far into the night, and then lying in bed till ten o'clock in the morning to make up for it! I and this—this young person,' continued Sir Geoffrey, casting about wildly for a suitable epithet to apply to me, 'have been occupied without a minute's cessation since nine o'clock, when I presume you and your fellow-idlers were still between the sheets.'

"'Then you and the young person must need a little relaxation, I should fancy,' said Lance, laughing. 'Let's have a look for a moment!'

"He bent over the table so close to me that the edge of his brown velveteen shooting-coat actually touched my shoulder, and took up one of the neatly-written sheets of foolscap I had laid aside. My hand trembled in spite of myself for an instant, Jackie; yet I knew I need not fear. I had copied Sir Geoffrey's manuscript in a small round clerkly hand, such as I always wrote out my father's sermons in, and as different from my own slap-dash penmanship as possible. There was really no chance of my husband's recognising my handwriting.

"'"The organic remains in the chalk are unusually abundant and are mostly marine, pointing to the fact that my theory respecting the larger portion of Creamshire having been originally covered by the ocean is probably a correct one," read Lance solemnly aloud, studying my handiwork with great attention. "Among these we find marine plants, lamelliferous and cellulliferous coral and sponges, Asteriadæ, Crinoidea and Echinida——"'

"'Oh, I say, uncle Geoff, this is a little too bad!' Lance said, and he dropped the closely-filled page as though it had burned his fingers. 'I hope you don't expect ordinary mortals like myself to read much of this composition, or, if you do, you ought in common decency to publish a glossary, or whatever they call it, to explain all the hard words. At any rate, you'd better give yourself a little holiday now. I dare say Miss Hayward can manage to get on for a bit without you'—with a laughing glance at me which I pretended not to see. 'We're to shoot over Fernley Copse to-day, I believe. Collins says there are a lot of young birds there. Can't you come and have a pop at them with us? The ladies mean to walk out to luncheon, they say; and it's really respectable weather for the time of year.'

"'Well, I don't know; perhaps I may by-and-by. Don't wait for me,' said his uncle rather undecidedly.

"Lance nodded, and, having done what I suppose he considered was incumbent on him, was strolling out of the room, to my intense thankfulness, when Sir Geoffrey called him back.

"'By-the-bye, you promised to drive Polly Carstairs to Marshend in the dog-cart this afternoon, didn't you?' he said. 'If so, you'd better tell John to exercise Chanticleer a bit this morning; he has not been driven for a day or two, and it's of no use to take a woman out and frighten her into fits!'

"Lance laughed.

"'Well, I don't suppose Miss Carstairs' nerves are in quite such a delicate condition as all that,' he replied, lingering at the door, with the handle in his grasp; 'but, if they are, the responsibility won't lie with me, thank goodness. Grant is to drive her to Marshend; they were settling it together after breakfast. He and Mrs. Trevor have had a tiff—something about a bouquet last night—and Lady Louisa is simply dangerous; so Polly, like the good-natured soul she is, has flung herself into the breach and is going to keep Grant out of both the women's way this afternoon. Ta-ta for the present! I suppose I ought to be off.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARRIAGE IS A FAILURE.—When a wife thinks more of her relatives than of her husband.

When she believes that her husband must love her whether she deserves it or not.

When she stoops to her husband's level and tries to equal him in being mean.

When she fails to realise that patience and gentleness are more natural to her than to a man.

When a wife marries for convenience, and pretends that she married for love.

When a wife pays too much attention to her husband's old vows and not enough to the nature of the man she married.

When a wife insists that her husband shall be as good as his mother and not as his father.

When a wife always sees something about other men to admire, and nothing about her husband to appreciate.

When a man is patient and cringing with men and impatient with his sick children.

When a man expects that a wife can buy as much with $1 as he can with $2.

When a man frets because his wife did not love him before she knew him, or when a man expects a better home than he provides.

When a husband smacks his lips in recollection of his mother's cooking, forgetful that his appetite was better as a boy than as a man.

When a woman imagines that all the women are in love with her "ping" of a husband.

When a wife expects the fact that she is a mother to compensate for all her failures.

When a man says he cannot control his temper with his wife and children, although they know he controls it in the presence of a large muscular enemy.

When a man is a liar, and his wife knows it.

When a man is liberal and fair with everyone except his wife.

A PERFECT WOMAN.

BY W. W. LONG.

Within her eyes the lambent light
Of tender love shines like a star;
A perfect woman, pure and true,
She stands above my life so far.

Her lips breathe music's witching song,
Her smile's like sunlight of the morn;
She seems almost an angel, too,
This woman earthly born.

She leads me to the higher life,
Where dwell most holy things;
The splendor of her purity
Enfolds me with celestial wings.

Her presence with me pure and true,
Doth lead me from all earthly night,
Through ways of perfect happiness,
Up to the land of love's delight.

At Sea and Ashore.

BY S. U. W.

AT SEA! Why, the very sound of the words makes one's blood bound in the veins, and one's pulses throb as fast again as usual; and brings back at once a thousand memories of the dear old familiar sights and sounds, when—

"The world of waters was our own."

Believe me, it is worth while taking a voyage through tropical latitudes, just to see the glories of a sunrise and sunset, and the marvellous beauty of a Southern night; and a thunderstorm at sea is simply beyond all description, awful in its overwhelming grandeur! Nothing on land is like it, not even a storm amongst mountains; at least, that is my feeling.

But of that, perhaps, some other time; just now the memory which those two words, "at sea," bring to me with most vividness, is of one particular night in the tropics, and of one particular man aboard, a saloon passenger like myself, from Sydney, and we had struck up quite an intimacy by this time; one was as free-and-easy a cosmopolitan as the other, and there was so much between us of that intangible attraction we call sympathy.

Well, I never could go to my berth such a night as that one was which comes to my memory now; and when the other ladies retired, I remained quietly on the main deck.

I know the men would not long outstay their last cigar—all but one. My "chum," I had noticed, was now on the weather side, leaning quietly on the bulwark, rather abaft the mainmast, looking out to sea, but wrapt in his own thoughts, or dreams maybe, for he did not seem to notice me, though I was standing by a coil of rope not many paces farther for'ard. Perhaps, like myself, he was simply revelling in the scene in a delicious mental "dolce far niente."

And it was like a "dream of beauty," truly. Sky and sea were absolutely flooded in the moonlight; the deep blue of the far-off heavens only changed in the mass of restless waters below to that wondrous blue-green of the sea, chequered here and there over its expanse by flecks of silvery-white foam, that danced and glistened in the moonbeams as if they were all fairies at play together, laughing alike at the myriads of stars and silent, watchful moon above, careless of the thousands of dead who lay below, wrapped now in quiet sleep.

There was no actual silence—there never is at sea. I could hear the dreamy ripple of the waters under the vessel's bows mingling their music with the singing of the breeze aloft in the rigging, and an occasional soft boom, as it "bellied" out some of the light top-hamper we were carrying aloft to catch the wind, and enable us to run under easy steam.

I could hear the measured, ceaseless beat of the screw, and "ah, ah!" of the fan shaft, as it threw off the water with such mechanical regularity and force—a language all its own, that spoke of the rich gift of intellect with which God has endowed His master-work—man.

Across these sounds, too, came, now and then, the murmur of men's deep tones for'ard, the watch on deck, and the step of the officer in charge, as he paced the poop, his voice sometimes giving an order to the steersman, or exchanging a word with the engineer officer on the bridge.

I scarcely noticed how long I stood in this lazily-delicious, waking dream, after the watch had been changed at eight bells (twelve), till, somehow, I became conscious that all this time that a tall, dark figure leaning on the bulwark had never moved; and that, in his attitude and stillness, there was something forlorn, pathetic, in his face a far-off, sorrowful look I had seen before now pass over it—not remain, as now—and, woman-like, I suppose, I followed instinct and impulse—I moved softly to his side, and laid my hand on his arm, folded in the other on the bulwark.

He looked round at once, down into my face, and smiled.

What a sweet smile he had! and such a nice face! one of those faces that people take to instinctively. He was a tall, good-looking fellow, too, quite seven or eight and thirty, I should say.

"Well, shipmate," he said, putting one brown, strong hand over mine, "feeling lonely, and come for a bit of a yarn—eh?"

"No; I thought you looked lonely and forlorn," I said, simply, smiling back at him, for, you see, I had not the least fear of being misunderstood.

"Ah, I see," said my fellow-passenger, softly, "that's just like a woman; let a fellow be down on his luck, or down-hearted, and you're all around directly to comfort, if he's the veriest stranger."

"And much more when he is a friendly shipmate," I answered, gently. "Most of us, I suppose, at past thirty, have something in our lives that makes retrospect sudden as at times."

"Ay, that's so, little mate."

The deep gray eyes looked off again out to sea, then back to mine, with a very searching, wistful look.

"Did you ever," he said, abruptly, but very low, "hear a song of Gounod's, called 'The Veiled Picture?'"

"Yes; I have it at home," I answered.

"Well, that's me, my dear," said he quietly, and that sweet, tender smile of his came over his lips again, and into his eyes; "and there it will be until one takes its place—if ever she does."

He paused, looked off over the rippled expanse of moonlit ocean, then up to the blue distance above, and back once more to the sea.

"She may be beyond all troubles," he said, softly, with the tender, loving reverence in voice and face with which a man speaks, perhaps, only of one being out of all the world, "or she may still be alive; but that's why I'm going home at last to find her out, or her grave."

My eyes were blinded by a sudden mist as I glanced up into his fine face.

Always genial and cheery, there was still always to me something about Wilmot Ayretoun which made this glimpse of his inner self no unexpected revelation.

"I don't know how it is," he said, in the same tone, "that I don't mind talking of it to you. I suppose it's in the nature of things that a man can tell a woman—at least, some women—what he couldn't talk of to another man. And I don't know why it was I got thinking of it all so to-night, and looking back fifteen years, when I've been trying only to look forward, after my wife died two years ago. I did tell you I was a widower, I think?"

"Oh, yes; you mentioned it one day soon after we sailed, and that, having made a competence, you were going home to have a peep at old England.

Ayretoun smiled.

"Dear old country! Yes, so I am; but that wasn't all the reason, nor the first reason, as you see. I married some seven years back, and was fond of my wife, and we were happy; but still," shaking his head a little, with that half sad, regretful smile, that has always tears so close behind it, "she was not my first love, my dear, nor the last."

He stopped, looking straight out before him, seeing nothing, I am sure, but the face of that early love, never forgotten, holding his heart again, after all these years, with all the strength of the first passion. I slipped my hand softly under his as it lay on his folded arm, and his closed on mine closely—he felt the subtle sympathy.

"You sweet comforter," he said, huskily. "Thank you—I can go on directly."

But he kept my hand under his while he spoke again.

"It's friendly," he said, simply, "and it's crept into mine just when I was a bit down-hearted somehow. Well, well, my dear, it's nothing much of a story after all, you know, except to myself, naturally."

"And to me, shipmate; don't put me outside, and feel so lonely again."

"Ah," said he, "that's just you—woman again."

In a moment or two he went on:

"I was just three-and-twenty, and Alice Manners barely seventeen, and a pretty creature, as arch and witching as any fairy—half a child, half girl, and I think I was pretty well lost the first time I saw her.

"Her mother was an officer's widow, and left comfortably off, something about two hundred a year, I believe, and my father, a doctor, had left me about half that, and brought me up as an engineer—a deep-sea engineer I turned directly I was out of my time—couldn't settle on land, bless you."

"I was certain you were something seafaring," I said, "the moment I first saw you on Circular Quay, you remember?"

"Rather! I couldn't imagine what a lady was doing between those rough dock-wallopers in their quarrel, till I saw you were parting them. I was on watch to drop in if they'd touched you—a slip of a woman like you too."

"I know you were—just like a man," I added, archly, retorting on him.

"Ah, well, that's what our strength's for, you know," said he, smiling benignly down. "Well, you know what it is being in the same seaside boarding-house for getting intimate, if you choose, in and out. I did choose, only the child hadn't a notion I loved her with all my heart before three weeks were out, nor how madly jealous I was of other fellows she knew and liked. She hadn't a notion that one meant earnest more than another; took it all alike, or what most of it was, merry fun; she laughed, and sang, just enjoyed the sunshine of her young life, bless her heart, like an innocent child or a bird."

"Not a flirt?" I ventured, as Will Ayretoun paused.

"Ah, no, shipmate, don't think that of her; she wouldn't have hurt a fly knowingly; but," half sadly, shaking his head, "what does a bit of a girl of seventeen know about herself or any one else having hearts at all to be reached or hurt? Of course, then I was so young a fellow myself that, practically, I was ignorant of all that and it all as if it had been a woman who, when she said yes or no to a lover, knew what it meant.

"I was a fool, my dear, and had to suffer for my folly like the rest who make mistakes. Well, well," he drew in a long breath, poor fellow, "what's done can't be undone, can it? It can't wipe out nearly fifteen years; and if she's living, why, of course, she'd be married years ago; but to go home and just see her dear face once more—well, I could live on that a bit, content and at peace, not restless, and all between hoping and fearing, as I've been this two years. You can understand me quite, I know."

"To the heart's core," I said, strongly. What a noble, loyal fellow this was. What rich gold Alice had lost. "She refused you, then?" I added, gently, recalling him from a sorrowful lapse into unjust self-accusation, I thought.

He shook it off, and brightened.

"Ay, mate, no mistake in that. It was one beautiful moonlight night, and we had strolled right away along the sands, she dancing more than walking. I can see her now, with her laughing blue eyes and golden curls on her neck. She asked me if I had got another berth yet.

"'Why, no,' I said, 'I haven't looked one up yet, Alice. I've been too happy here with you to think or wish to go yet, until——'

"'Oh, yes, we've had jolly fun!' she exclaimed, gay as a lark; 'such dances, and walks, and merriment—great fun!'

"'Fun! was that all?' I caught her hands impetuously enough to startle her, I know now, and poured out my heart.

"'Fun! nothing more, Alice? I love you, my darling! I love you for always! I want you for my own—for life!'

"Poor little thing, she was taken as flat aback, as ever a craft was in a white squall, and then she burst into tears, frightened, sorry for me, but too honest to deceive or pretend. She had never dreamed of such a thing as Will Ayretoun being a lover, she sobbed out. She liked me just as I was, but she didn't love me in that way—she never should. She was but a child too, and I so young. Why—why couldn't we go on just as friends?

"How could I? How could any man in my place, and at my age?" Will went on. "An older girl would have known that, and an older man must have known better than to accept such a refusal as final. It seemed to me it would be dishonorable to try and overbear her, as it were, and so, my dear, it came about that we parted."

"You left England, then?" I asked.

"Yes. I had no near relatives at all, and I could not bear any jog-trot kind of life. I shipped off to India first, and got a berth aboard one of the liners trading between Eastern ports, then later I went to 'Frisco. I was minded to see the Far West life, and I could get a living somehow anywhere. Oh, I've knocked about the world, and gathered some moss, too—mostly in Australia, though—but I never touched back on England, you see. Didn't seem as if it came in my way; though, as they say, 'Time healed the wound.' So far," he added, slowly, "I never forgot Alice. She's always been deep down behind the veil on her niche, like the picture in the song, and, believe me, many's the temptation that memory—love has kept me from, as a young fellow, especially.

"Nearly nine years after I left home I married. A sweet woman she was, but not very strong; and she, like me, was very lonely and homeless, and I think that is how it came about. Of course, I told her the exact truth straight out, as I was duty-bound to do, and so never a cloud of it came between us."

"You noble, loyal soul," I could not help saying, warmly. "You deserve to win happiness."

Will looked a trifle surprised, and a red flush crossed his bronzed face as he said, hastily:

"Not a bit, my dear—not a bit. When I told her I was fond of her, I had to tell her it wasn't quite the same love as the first had been."

Or was still. I knew the man's inmost heart was faithful as ever to the first, lost love.

"But," Will went on, softly, "when my poor Mary died, and the first grief was past, the old love began to come back, and grow and grow so strong and fresh again as if it were but yesterday, that at last it was no good to hold out, do you see. I got home-sick, too, as well as heart-sick, with yearning to find her out and see her face again. So I settled to 'pull up sticks' and be off. I realized all I had by degrees as quick as I could—and here I am aboard ship, homeward-bound, and, mate, if Alice is alive, I shall find her out. I must," he said, with an even passionate force in his manner and voice.

"I believe you will," I said, earnestly. "Thank you so much for your simple story. I shall give you my address in London, where to find me always, and I hope you'll come and see your shipmate."

"You are very good," he said, with the brightest of glad smiles. "I should not like our friendship to end when we step ashore."

"Nor I, indeed. It never shall," I answered.

And then we went to our berths, and turned in just as "two bells" was struck.

* * * * * *

After that night, it was only natural that the bond of friendship between us should be at once cemented, and the good-humored "chaff," which, of course, flew about us only made us laugh with the rest, and, indeed, often take the wind out of their sails by catching the ball of chaff up first.

"Looking for Miss Leslie, were you?" Ayretoun said one day to a passenger. "My dear fellow, why didn't you look for my tall self at once, and you'd have found my mate. It is the same thing, you know?"

Or I would say, merrily, when called, it might be, to tea:

"What, go without Mr. Ayretoun, captain?" (the skipper had called me). "No, no, not if I know it. He would be lost; wouldn't take any tea if I didn't hand it to him. There he is, for'ard, yarning with old 'Chips'" (the carpenter is always "Chips" aboard ship). "I'll fetch him," and off I would go to him, laughing.

I got the full advantage, you see, of being neither young—for I wasn't much less than his age—nor pretty, nor the least bit a flirt all my life.

"Are you quite sure you don't mind their chaff, my dear?" Will Ayretoun asked me one evening, when we were getting into nearer home latitude, and we were a little apart on deck, as we so often were.

"Perfectly sure," I said, with frank heartiness. "It is only fun and chaff, you know; they no more really think that you and I 'spoon' than we do ourselves, so why should I care? And you—I feel as if I had known you for years!"

"That's just exactly what I feel with you," said he, smiling; "and still more so since that night I told you about myself. And you're so good to let me talk to you about Alice," he added. "I do it so often, that sometimes I'm afraid it's selfish to bore you."

"You never bore me," I said, eagerly. "Do believe that!—you never do. I like you to talk of her, of all that is in your heart. That is what friendship means, to my mind. Shipmates, too—both seafaring folks—birds of a feather."

"Yes, that's it, like draws like," he said. "Let them chaff, then. I don't care if you don't. Why should a man? But a woman is different, and I wouldn't be the cause of pining you for all the world."

I knew that well. In his very soul w[as]

the truest chivalry that must always shelter a woman. What had not the one he loved lost? If only he might find her out, and find her free! If not, alas! poor fellow—for I felt sure his hopes were deeper than he knew, and to find them shattered would break his heart at last.

* * * * * *

My shipmate and I parted in London, when we docked. Poor fellow! I knew what he must feel on coming back like that to the old country, after fifteen years' absence—coming too, as he was, with such pathetic purposes, and hopes which I feared were stronger than he quite knew, and would, if he failed, bring very bitter disappointment.

It was early August, and as I had had nearly a twelvemonth's wandering trip this time, I told him that I expected I should, after a week, be absent from my London headquarters (which I gave him) for two or three months visiting friends all scattered now, till the end of October.

"And I've got my one search to make," he said, in that curiously simple, convincing way of his, as he gripped my hand. "I hope I may have good news to bring you some day. Good-bye!"

I did go visiting, as I had expected; and it was the end of October before I came back to settle for the winter, in my own "diggings." All that time I had neither seen (that of course) Wilmot Ayretoun, nor heard from him; which seemed rather odd.

I had thought so constantly of him, and that simple, pathetic little story of his life. What a faithful heart his was—how true and staunch his whole soul! I was thinking of him that very October afternoon, as I sat by the fire, looking into the flickering flames instead of reading; so absorbed, indeed, that I only heard vaguely, a ring at the hall-door bell, then soon a tap at my door.

"Come in," I said, thinking it was a servant.

It opened and shut, there was a little amused laugh, and I sprang to my feet and forwards with outstretched hands.

"You!" I cried out, as both hands were clasped like in a vice. "You at last! How glad I am!"

"Why, this is a welcome indeed, shipmate," said Will, still holding my hands; he was as glad as I was, and as I met his honest, gray eyes, I fancied—I was nearly sure—I read there some good news at least; "it's too good of you."

"It isn't. Sit down by me, and tell me why you never wrote, if you could not come? I've thought of you so often."

"Just now, too, were you?" said he, smiling, and taking a seat beside me. "I reckon you were—of Will Ayretoun?"

"Yes, I was—and I very nearly called you Will Ayretoun just now," I said, laughing too. "You're not one bit 'Mr.' you know; and I always think of you as 'Will Ayretoun,' my shipmate."

"You dear little woman; please call me Will, then, and perhaps you'll let me——"

"I won't call you Will, unless you call me Geraldine," I put in merrily. "Now then, please answer my question, old shipmate Will?"

"That's right, shipmate Geraldine. Well, for one, you were away, and so was I—and write—no, I was minded to tell you myself—if you care to hear the sequel ashore, to the story I told you at sea?"

"If I care! you tiresome fellow!" said I. "Please tell me. I am deeply interested, and anxious to hear."

"It is very kind of you, Geraldine," my shipmate said, with a quick change of manner, to that sweet, sober way he had at sea. "Well, then, the first thing I did was to go to a solicitor, and advertise a reward for any information about the address of Alice Manners, late of ——, &c., as an old friend was anxious to find her old; and, besides that, I went to a private inquiry office, but the first got no answer, and the second only found out that Mrs. Manners had died thirteen years ago; and her daughter had married an Indian officer named Bertram, and gone to India. Think what such news was to me, my dear!" he said huskily, shivering at the mere recollection. "I knew then by the blow that was, how much, how madly I had hoped."

"Poor Will!—I know you did!" I put my hand on his."

"I was like a stricken man for days," he said, caressingly smoothing over my hand, "and couldn't rally. I thought—no, I didn't think anything—I only felt broken down. I was out adrift from my sheet anchor, you see. This was nearly a month after you and I parted company; but after a few days of that, I suddenly went off in a desperate sort of way, down to the very place where I had known her. It seemed as if that were something, and the very first evening, at sunset, what must I do, for all its pain, but take myself off to the lonely inlet far along the sands, where we had parted fifteen years ago."

He paused, moved a little, and turned his gray eyes to the fire, as he went on:

"In the east the dusk was stealing up, up, but the whole western sky and sea were bathed in gorgeous crimson and gold, melting into each other through a hundred exquisite shades. The sea was rippling along the coast-line in white foamed wavelets, whispering to one as it does, you know, more than one can ever put into language; and to me, just then, every ripple, every whisper, had but one word—one name. Was that a wonder, my dear?"

"No, no." I was breathless with intense interest, my eyes never left his face. "And then?"

"Ay, then," with his grave, soft smile, "the inlet or cove was back behind a jutting-out promontory of cliff, and as I strolled round that, I saw, out of the side of my eye, a lady standing near the cliff, looking out to sea, by her attitude—a tall, girlish figure, in a dark blue dress. In any other place I should, of course, have purposely passed on without an overt look; but the mere presence of a woman there, of all spots under Heaven, made my heart suddenly throb up into my throat. The more that, hearing a step near, she turned quickly, and I looked straight at her—I couldn't have helped the impulse if life had hung on it.

"In that second, my very heart stood still—literally still, I felt—saw—knew nothing, but that one overwhelming consciousness—Alice, just Alice, changed to most beautiful womanhood; but whom I should know amongst thousands!—my first and last love—married to another man!

"Then I saw that she was looking at me with a strained, puzzled look—startled, if not frightened; and I went forwards, dizzily, blindly, stretching out my hands.

"'Alice!' I said, 'Alice! Don't you know an old friend?'

"'It is you!—it is Will Ayretoun!" she cried out, putting her hands into mine, her soft cheeks flushing up; she trembling all over, as naturally she would, meeting me there, too, of all places.

"'I was so puzzled—I seemed to see—to half recognize. And fancy your knowing me again, after fifteen years.'

"'I should have known you after thrice fifteen years,' I said, forcing myself to speak quietly; but I don't think it much deceived her. 'It is such a pleasure to meet an old friend. Are you staying at the old place, then, with,' I touched the wedding-ring, though it burned me, 'your husband?'

"Alice started at that.

"'Didn't you——' she began, quickly. 'No, how should you? He died years ago, in India.'

"He died years ago! What a reprieve from death is to an innocent man condemned, those words were to me.

"Merciful Heaven! was it a dream? Was she free?—and I, too? Was I standing in the soft gloaming, holding her two dear hands, almost blinded by the dazzling light of hope that made all the long years roll away like a scroll? Was I looking down into her blue eyes with all the passion of my love in mine? Was I speaking in a low, tremulous tone, that sounded strangely suppressed to myself?

"'Do you know why I have come home at last, Alice?'

"Her eyes had dropped, her cheeks paled. She whispered:

"'No.'

"'I came back for you,' I said; and she looked up with a start, crimsoning.

"'For—me! Will, you have not forgotten, quite. You mean—you want—you cannot still love——'

"'I have never forgotten, Alice, never ceased to love you. I want you for my wife at last?' I said, steadily. I was keeping myself down so. 'If you will let me try to win you now. We are both free. Will you?'

"Just one look she gave me, and then I gathered her into my arms, close to my very heart, and kissed her soft lips at will, she sobbing that she did not deserve such love and faith as mine; only I wouldn't hear that," said my shipmate, smiling, now, but with tears in the gray eyes. "And presently we sat down on the sands, as we had done fifteen years ago, and I told her all you know, my dear, and heard her story.

"My poor darling!" her marriage hadn't been quite as happy as it should have been. She had been dazzled, taken, but not found Bertram all he had seemed as lover, and she confessed that oftentimes she had looked back sorrowfully, and wondered at her own blindness.

"And,' my darling said, with her dear head on my breast, 'after he died I thought so often of you, Will—oh, so often, and of all I had missed in life—you must have forgotten me. And I think I got to love the ideal memory of my girlhood's lover. I was thinking of you this evening—ay, when I came down to the old place.'

"'Perhaps, dearest, your thoughts, your spirit, drew me here to you,' I said. 'Who knows what mysterious affinity soul has to soul?'

"'Who, indeed?' she answered, softly. 'And mine has such long atonement to make to yours, Will—so many years to make up for my love.'

"'They seem as yesterday, now, dear.' And then I asked her when she would come to me.

"Alice said when I wished; and I—well, a man never is too patient, is he, in such a case? I said a fortnight; and so we were quietly married down there."

"Married!" I exclaimed, joyously, "actually married to your Alice at last, Will?"

"Ay, that's it, shipmate," he said, laughingly. "And home here from the honeymoon."

"Will, you take my breath away!"

"Do I, dear? That's good. I took a house in —— Gardens, in Kensington; got in last week, and of course my wife," how proudly he said that, "knows all about you."

"Does she, really?"

"I told her, naturally; and to-day she ordered me to bring my shipmate back to finish the day with us. So get on your top-hamper, Geraldine. Alice is waiting tea for us, and dying to know you, if only because——"

"Yes, because?"

"You were my sweet comforter when I got down-hearted, dear, that night at sea, in the tropics," said my shipmate.

"I couldn't help it," I answered, rising.

"You women never can help being angels, that's a fact," was his dictum.

In five minutes we were in a hansom, and the drive was not very long before we reached Myrtle Villa.

I had pictured a pretty woman, but not one so really lovely and young looking as Alice Ayretoun. She scarcely looked six-and-twenty, though she was thirty-two.

Nor had I expected such a sisterly greeting, for she threw her arms about me, and kissed me several times.

"You were good to my Will," she said, with a loving glance at her handsome husband that did my heart good to see, "and that is enough for me. Besides, his friends are mine, and—and I have fifteen years to make up to him."

But Will stooped, and tenderly kissed the tears away.

"Hush! sweetheart—hush, my darling! There are no fifteen years now for us; only the future of happiness, in love, together." Then turning, smiling to me, "Isn't that right, my dear?"

"A thousand times yes, shipmate."

PERFUMES.—One Mercutio Frangipani, who lived in 1493, was a botanist and traveller, famous as being one of the Columbus expedition when they visited the West India Islands. The sailors, as they approached Antigua, discovered a delicious fragrance in the air. This, Mercutio told them, must be derived from sweet-smelling flowers. On landing, they found vast quantities of flowers in full bloom, rendering the air redolent with rich odor, and from this plant, which the present inhabitants of Antigua call the Frangipani flower, is distilled that exquisite fragrance which is still so popular in fashionable circles. This has the merit of being the most lasting perfume made.

The grandson of this nobleman, the Marquis Frangipani, invented a method of perfuming gloves, which, when so perfumed, bore the name of "Frangipani gloves."

Although the sale of perfumes was at first strictly prohibited in Rome, their employment became more and more extravagant, until even the eagles and standards were thought unfit to face the barbarian hosts of Northern Europe unless they had been duly anointed before battle; and should the engagement have proved successful, the ceremony was repeated.

Such was the demand for the luxury, that the chief street of Capua was occupied solely by perfumers.

The incense burnt by Nero upon the funeral pyre of his wife, Poppœa, exceeded the annual production of spices in Arabia.

At a rather earlier period, Plancus, when proscribed by the triumvirs, was betrayed by his perfumes. His place of concealment got wind, and discovered him to his pursuers.

"Is Mistah Gwaynus in?" asked the sable caller. "He is, sah," replied the dusky functionary at the door, "but he is occupied." "How soon, sah," said the caller, pulling up his shirt, "will Mistah Gwaynus be vacant?"

Scientific and Useful.

BOAT BICYCLE.—A Portsmouth, N. H., has put his bicycle on a boat. It is connected with a gearing which turns a propeller set in motion by treading the pedals and the boat is said to move swiftly through the water.

SHADING FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT.—According to an eminent oculist the electric light in order to be harmless to the eyes should be guarded in one of three ways—either with frosted white glass, opal tinted covers, or surmounted with colored fringe so that the eyes can never see it—covers of cut or efflorescent glass being objectionable, even dangerous, to the sight.

ELECTRIC TANNING.—A French paper tells of a new process of tanning by electricity, which it says, is being used on the skins of the stray dogs gathered into the Paris pound. The electric system, it is alleged, transforms the skin into leather in three or four days, against the six or eight months required in the ordinary process, and the leather so tanned is better than that tanned in the ordinary way. It is chiefly used for ladies' fine shoes, and is notable for its soft and delicate qualities.

PATENT PAVEMENT.—A newly patented pavement is said to have been suggested by the surface of an elephant's tooth, which consists of intermingled layers of hard and soft material, so that the process of wearing always produces a series of ridges upon the surface. The new system of paving comprises the use of blocks having alternate hard and soft layers—such as Portland cement and a mixture of sand and cement—which are set upon edge, and may be worn to less than an inch high without becoming smooth, like granite blocks.

WATER-PROOF.—There is published a new method of filling up the pores of wood with water-proof material so that boxes made of it will hold liquids. The method is applicable for the construction of the outer cells of electric batteries, but of course can be turned to many other useful purposes. The wood or complete box is first all thoroughly dried. It is next placed in a vessel, which is then exhausted of air by means an air-pump. The protecting liquid is now introduced in sufficient quantity to cover the wood.

Farm and Garden.

A TULIP SHOW has been held annually at the Orange Tree Inn, Butley, a small village near Macclesfield, England, for the past 67 years.

MANURE.—Manure that has been evenly spread over the soil not only prevents loss of moisture and retains that in the soil, but causes the moisture lower down to rise to the surface also.

HOME-MADE.—There should be a scale for all such things as home-made jellies, canned fruit, etc., as the articles produced on the farm would be better prepared than those put up at some factories.

HENS.—An English experimentor has given an account of hypnotising a lying hen and inducing her in that manner to sit on a setting of eggs until seven of them had hatched out.

NEW IDEAS.—The farmer that can't adjust himself to new ideas because they were not practical in his boyhood, had better go back to the old grain sickle and leave his binder in the field a few years longer.

FARM HORSES.—The general run of farm horses do not have that smooth and well-cared-for look that the majority of the horses of city transportation and car companied possess; though the latter, on an average, do vastly more work in a year than the horses upon the farm.

POT-GROWN.—A device for supplying pot-grown plants with the proper amount of moisture is to cover a lamp wick in the earth, around the plant, passing one end of the wick through the bottom of the pot, allowing it to rest in a shallow water receptacle at the base of the pot. The plant is thus always supplied with water without liability of an excess.

IF YOUR THROAT FEELS SORE OR UNCOMFORTABLE, use promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. It will relieve the air-passages of all phlegm or mucous, allay inflammation, and so give the affected parts a chance to heal. No safer remedy can be had for all Coughs and Colds, or any complaint of the Throat or Lungs, and if taken in time, a short trial will prove its efficacy.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST, and of which descriptions and reduced illustrations are given on another page. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future momentoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

As to Contentment.

What merit there is in being contented we forbear to say. We do not think that there is much; or, to put it the other way, if there be any merit, we think that is amply repaid. There are some dozens of blessings pronounced upon the virtues, and they, like potatoes, are a most paying crop; but the one which crowns contentment pleases us the best.

"A contented mind is a continual feast;" not that any man would be continually feasting, but, given the content, he always feels beatifically and healthily full and replete as a man does after an abounding and a wholesome meal.

Perhaps there is no more comfortable earthly feeling; it is as full of peace as a child which, having sucked sufficiently at its mother's breast, falls off smilingly to sleep. It is full of trust, hindered by no disquieting fears, blest above measure because it seeks nothing beyond the present. Such is content. It lives long, is healthy, does not quarrel or snarl, and puts the best face on matters.

It is pleasant to live with, and a good substance to work upon; it is not rapid, or greedy, or slovenly in its work; it is pleased with its renumeration; it digests well, and is nourished, harbors no evil thoughts, is loyal, true, simple, and beautiful in its holiness, and yet it has its enemies. For, beautiful as it is, contentment is not the whole duty of man; and it has its detractors—nay, what is more, those detractors are not without their modicum of truth. Thus they say that content, when it possesses a man thoroughly, renders him either too great a fool to want anything, or too lazy to desire it; that, in this age of the world, in most countries contentment means lethargy or death—simply, that man was not born to be contented; that a sulky contentment, or, what passes for it, the unwillingness of man to contend, is half made up of jealousy and half of fear; that contentment might have been borne with Adam in Paradise, but that it soon ceased to please him; that, if contentment were universal, two generations of contented people would "run" most of the human race to "earth," and leave the remainder spiritless, lifeless, and useless; that contented races die out from lack of energy, and that such, during their lives, discover little and do nothing.

On the other hand, the restlessness and ambition of man do much for him; and this is not to be denied. Let us look at both sides of the question—not because by so doing we hope the sooner to discover truth.

How much evil have the vanities of life not done! How much misery and bloodshed do the petty ambitions and the jealousies of the world occasion! If we strike a balance between the good and evil, and allow that nothing is perhaps wholly evil, that is all we can fairly do. Moreover, is it certain that discontent creates in us the ambition to discover and to invent? We very much question this.

Poets write and versify as linnets sing, because they must, and because of the God-given power, and, moreover, because they are happy while they are so doing. It may enter into a modern "philosopher's conception that a hungry and discontented bear once swam out to catch fish, and by fitness and constant change through centuries bred into the walrus." Our stupidity may be very great, but we honestly cannot conceive that such was the case. We believe in purpose—walrus for water and bear for land; and what is true of the larger is true of the less. The inventor generally, we presume, invents because he has had given to him an active and creative brain.

Necessity may urge him to be active in the way he is biased, and undoubtedly does do so, but hundreds of thousands of persons feel the stings of necessity and the pangs of discontent before one inventor shows them the way out of them. Thus it is that "necessity is the mother of invention" is, like all other truths, only true in a restricted sense. Whole races of men are non-inventive and stationary; whether they are contented or not, is a question; their necessities are as great as our own, and they are as eager to embrace the results of invention.

Man must therefore be regarded really as a creature of gifts, and these gifts are restricted in their fulness to perhaps much less than a fourth of the inhabitants of the globe. These gifts may be stimulated by necessity, but they are not created by it, and a part of the diatribe against contentment, viewed in this light, must fall to the ground.

That inventors are often discontented men no one will affect to deny; but they are so because others steal their ideas, or they are not appreciated, or they lay hold of the wrong end of the invention; but, from Arkwright and Stephenson far away back to Archimedes, all inventors have been singularly modest and quiet individuals, so full of their great ideas that they never troubled their neighbors except to get material to carry on their designs. Like spiders, they must spin, and like spiders, if left to spin quietly, they fulfil their function happily enough. So much for the assertion that it is to the want of content we owe so much. It is so far from being so that we may roundly assert that it is to the peaceful operations of a contented mind that we are greatly indebted.

When contentment means both contraction and lethargy, of course it is bad; when it means a wise and sustained circumscription, it is like a belt round a man's loins, strengthening him wholly.

NEITHER learning, nor philosophy, nor advantages of any kind, hold a monopoly of correct judgment as to the right and wrong of the everyday affairs of life. He who, with ordinary intelligence and a sincere desire to do right, trusts to his own instinctive ideas of what is right, is far more likely to decide wisely and to act justly than one who uses his brains to weave subtle arguments, to find specious excuses, evasions, and contradictions, or to discover some supposed conflict of duties which shakes his previous firm convictions.

IF intellect can level up, so can it down; and the artificial heights, which to some are barriers raised by social dignities, come even with the fertile plain when the mind is greater than the station. A scientist is no less a scientist because he is a lord, any more than a philosopher is no less a philosopher because he was born of a small farmer and bred in a hut. In either case it is the intellect which equalizes; and to this those who know the measure of values pay homage.

TRUE politeness is the spirit of benevolence showing itself in a refined way. It is the expression of good will and kindness. It promotes both beauty in the man who possesses it and happiness in those who are about him. It is a religious duty, and should be a part of religious training.

IT is in the faculty of a noble, disinterested, unselfish love that lies the true gift and power of womanhood—a power which makes us, not the equals of men (I never care to claim such equality) but their equivalents; more than their equivalents in a moral sense.

THINK not that guilt requires the burning torches of the Furies to agitate and torment it. Frauds, crimes, remembrances of the past, terrors of the future—these are the domestic Furies that are ever present to the mind of the impious.

COMMON sense is science exactly so far as it fulfills the ideal of common sense; that is, sees facts as they are, or at any rate without the distortion of prejudice, and reasons from them in accordance with the dictates of sound judgment.

A SCHOOL of art, or of anything else, is to be looked on as a single individual, who keeps talking to himself for a hundred years and feels an extreme satisfaction with his own circle of favorite ideas, be they ever so silly.

IT is the great art and philosophy of life to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad—to bear the one with resignation and patience, and to enjoy the other with thankfulness and moderation.

REMEMBER that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

OF all things, wisdom is the most terrified with epidemical fanaticism, because, of all enemies, it is that against which she is the least able to furnish any kind of resource.

IT is better to meet danger than to wait for it. He that is on a lee shore, and foresees a hurricane, stands out to sea and encounters a storm to avoid a shipwreck.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

S. B.—"Bicycle" is pronounced as if spelled "bysikkel," with the accent on the first syllable.

W. T.—Rub the end of your fingers briskly with olive or almond oil every night to prevent the skin peeling.

PHIMOSIS.—You cannot do anything except leave off drinking beer or wines, and eating starchy or farinaceous foods.

MARTIN.—No charge is made for answering queries in this column, it being a source of pleasure to us to thus oblige our readers to the best of our ability.

D. R.—"Zwieback" is sweetened toasted bread, made in several portions of the country; but the process of its manufacture cannot be given, for the simple reason that the bakers refuse to divulge it to outsiders.

E. A.—Styes on the eyelids comes from impure blood, and their only preventive is to cleanse the whole body. When they have appeared, an alum curd, made by beating the white of an egg with a little alum, will go a great way towards relieving them.

FORWARD.—It is probable, although used as a proper name, that the original meaning of the appellation "Yellow Jack" was nothing more than "yellow flag"—a flag being known among seamen as a "jack, and yellow being the color of the flag generally displayed at lazarettos, or naval hospitals, or on vessels lying in quarantine.

TEMPUS.—You are right, the clock is a very old invention. The water clock was known in Rome 158 B. C.; striking clocks were invented by the Saracens about 801 A. D.; dial clocks were first put up A. D. 913; pendulum clocks were invented in 1641; and repeating clocks in 1676. Probably the most celebrated clock in the world is that on the cathedral at Strasbourg.

LITTLE W.—Mineral pulp is the name given to ground soap-stone, said to be used in adulterating flour. It is a well-known fact that there are several firms engaged in the manufacture of this adulterant. Any flour containing an excess of this article will make a soapy or greasy dough. Taken into the human system it will produce no more nourishment than an equal amount of clay, and eventually produce evil results.

JAMES.—Henry VIII. had six wives, viz., Catharine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catharine Howard and Catharine Parr, who survived him. His first and fourth wives were divorced from him. Jane Seymour died a natural death, and Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard were beheaded. 2. We do not know of any person or persons from whom you could obtain "ready-made" essays or orations. It would be advisable to write such articles yourself, and not depend upon the productions of other people's brains.

L. L. R.—The question of giving engagement and wedding rings is so old that its origin cannot now be certainly determined. One account is that in making any bargain it was usual to give something as a pledge and token, and as nothing could be more easily carried about, or more securely kept than a ring, this became the token always given to bind the important engagement of marriage. Another explanation is, that as the man in marrying the woman made her the mistress of his house, he handed her his ring, which in early times was used as a signet, in place of writing the name, and so denoted the trust and confidence he reposed in his bride.

"CHIRA."—What is the secret of beauty? To be beautiful in person one must be born so, and then preserve this inherited beauty by preserving the health. Conform to all its laws in eating, sleeping, bathing, working, and violate none of them. Go to no excesses of any kind. But if you desire to be more beautiful than this, then the mind, the heart, the disposition, must be cultivated in a reasonable way. The will must be trained to concentrate the mind and the emotions disciplined. Kind impulses must be cherished, good deeds performed. All cannot be beautiful in form and feature; but all can, if they try, be beautiful in life and character.

A. L.—There was such a person as Eugene Aram. He was born in England in 1704. He enjoyed a remarkable reputation for extensive scholarship, acquired under the greatest difficulties, his family being very poor. While serving as a schoolmaster he became implicated in a robbery committed by a man named Daniel Clark, but was discharged for lack of evidence. He went immediately to London, and Clark disappeared mysteriously at the same time. Twenty-five years afterwards Aram was arrested and tried for the murder of Clark. He was convicted and hanged. After his conviction he confessed his guilt, and attempted suicide, but was discovered in time to frustrate his purpose.

N. L.—Neither we nor any one else can foretell a person's destiny by an accurate description of their character. If you know a person's character, you may give a guess as to how she will act in life, what temptations will assail her, and whether she will be firm or weak, whether she will persevere and succeed, or give up after a short effort, but more than this nobody can predict. As to giving a correct portrait of one's future husband, whoever pretends to do this is simply a fraud. Character indications from penmanship are necessarily vague. Some hints as to character can be gathered from any writing, and there is a science called graphology which gives certain rules for judging character by penmanship. We merely follow these rules in what we tell you.

BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY ARTHUR KILBISTON.

Meet thy trials manfully,
With firm unflinching front,
For all must fight "life's battles,"
And bear alone the brunt.

Each hath his secret sorrow
To mar his seeming joy,
And 'neath the ever-beaming face
There lurks some dark alloy.

Rouse ye, then, and ne'er repine,
Nor magnify life's troubles,
But rest content, and learn the truth,
"In every stream are bubbles."

Nerve thee, then, yet stronger—
Care thickens fast with years;
Bear up, 'mid all, right bravely—
'Twill not be always tears.

Her Grim Rival.

BY PERCY VERE.

A POORLY-FURNISHED room (third floor) in the Rue Blanc, near the Palais Royal; a half-open inner door, giving a glimpse of an equally poorly-found bedchamber, seen by the light from the oil lamp on the one small table in the sitting-room; and lastly, pacing to and fro its narrow limits, a slender woman, young and lovely, despite the bitter troubles that were stamped so deeply on her still half girlish face; her whole appearance, too, was singularly out of keeping with the surroundings, which, with the shabby, once handsome dress she wore, told their own sorrowful tale of reverse.

But how brought about? By sheer misfortune, against which very few in any class can guard? Why, then, is she pacing the wretched apartment in the small hours instead of sleeping; pacing with the reckless step, and movement of the fingers interlocked of passionate misery, her hollow, dark eyes, heavy with the scorching tears she is past shedding? Why does she one moment lay her fingers on the wedding-ring she wears as if to tear it off, and the next suddenly stand still, with a sharp catch of her breath, and listen, listen, with her white hands pressed now on her heaving breast? What is it she hears?

A man's step coming up the stairs, lightly, but not to be mistaken, up the lower flight, up the second, up this third flight, and pausing at the door for a second before the latter was opened and shut sharply, as the newcomer caught sight of the girl.

He was a tall, handsome man, under thirty, between dark and fair; but what haggard lines on his fine face that gave it almost a dissipated look, and told at once whence the trouble came. His dark eyes were glittering with a fevered excitement, and a burning red flush of anger, and perhaps of shame, sprang to his cheek as he stopped short.

"Margaret! why are you still up when I forebade it?" he said, roughly. "Go to bed—it's two o'clock."

"I could not sleep," she said, in a low, steady voice, though the delicate lips quivered at the harshness, which of late was not so rare, "and I had something to say."

"I know what it is beforehand, and it's best left unsaid, Margaret!"

He spoke with a threat behind the tone; and frowning heavily, he flung off the wrap-coat which covered his evening-dress, adding, in the same manner:

"I'm in no humor for reproaches, I can tell you—or pleading—or giving fresh promises, which are worse than useless. I've broken them all—the maddening fiend that's in me is too strong. I must gamble—I can't keep away—and we must live too, if it has come to this den—and I lost again to-night—never had such a run of ill-luck!"

The gambler's young wife had known that the instant he entered the room—strange if she had not, after four years of bitter experience with him. She had been but a friendless, inexperienced girl of nineteen when wild, handsome Leigh D'Eresby crossed her path, with his soft tongue, and passionate love, that so easily won hers to himself.

A few happy months, and then the man's besetting sin once more sprang from its slumbers into hideous life that appalled the girl-wife, who had nothing but her love to grapple with its dire temptations, as it grew and grew in its hold; she was so young, poor thing, and heartbroken. Time and again, with wild remorse gnawing him, he had knelt at his darling's feet and promised—meaning it all—to give up the deadly vice that was ruining fortune and soul; and time and again he had failed, then grown desperate, maddened, hard, and harsh, because conscience would not sleep, would stab so fiercely.

It was all no use, it was too late, and past reform or forgiveness. That terrible "I must gamble!" was the keynote of misery, despair even; he was so lowered in his own eyes by this long slavery to a passion which had inevitably overmastered and held in abeyance even his love for his wife, so broken her heart and wrecked its love and respect, he thought, that all hope was lost; he was degraded to her and to himself, and even whilst unconsciously he clung to her presence in his life, he shrank from it as a silent, bitter reproach.

She heard him now, with hands still locked, and tearless eyes in the wan, pathetic face; but now she spoke in that suppressed, steady way that comes from strong agony and a set purpose:

"I knew that you were a loser again, Leigh; but whether you lose or pour golden winnings on the floor, is all the same henceforth to me."

"Is it, by Jove?" said D'Eresby, with a hard, reckless laugh, that scarcely veiled a sneer. "You'll sing another song when the luck turns, sweetheart mine."

"Never! I—" her breath came heavily, each word was such agony, though it was for her sake—"I must leave you, Leigh."

"What!" He sprang to his feet with so fierce an accent, so lurid a flash in the haggard eyes, that she might well have quailed. "What do you mean? Are you mad, girl?"

"I mean that it is all sin and heartbreak, and I cannot live on so—for your own sake. Somehow, I have failed, though I have striven my utmost to win you to your truer self; but, perhaps, when—when I am gone——"

"There, that will do," D'Eresby broke in, with a hard and bitter laugh. "I've heard enough of such nonsense. You are my wife, if I am a lost sinner; and I mean to keep you. So end it there, love or no love—luck or no luck!"

"Leigh!—husband!"

He fell back a step at that smothered cry, looking at her, the red blood sweeping slowly to his brow, in burning shame.

"You madden me," he muttered, hoarsely. "I don't know what I say."

Heaven only knew what it cost the woman, who so beyond measure loved him, to still master the passionate yearning to fling her arms about the wretched sinner, and yet once again forgive, and plead against her grim rival—tell him that to leave him as she had resolved, would tear out her very heart's life, and she would give him one more trial! Only the very depth and strength of her matchless love itself, gave her now the strength to resist the poor, tortured heart's cry, and hold desperately to the one last possible hope, that her loss—if he still cared enough for her, to be so roused—might shock him to some recoil at least.

She saw to-night that he scoffed at "such nonsense" with angry scorn, and did not for a moment believe she meant it for more than an empty threat; the mere words on her lips had stabbed him—cruelly harsh as he had grown of late, hard as the dross had crusted over the love, it was not quite deadened. Then there was just one little grain of hope if she left him; it was a slender chance, a desperate step, full of risk—dangerous risk to him, but this life was killing by inches to both—the other contained that one possibility of unseating the demon.

Internally, the woman's every nerve was quivering with agony, and it was seconds before she could trust herself to speak.

"If," she said, with evident effort, "honest misfortune had brought this ruin, I would work for you like a galley-slave, beg bread at your side, be content with you in the veriest garret, because I love you, and nothing you can do can crush that love out; never to me a lost sinner, any more than to Heaven above. But this life is a daily sin; for months we have existed entirely on your accursed gambling winnings, such as they have been, and I will no longer share them.

"Stay!" she added, as D'Eresby sprang to his feet with a fierce exclamation. "You said truly that all your promises are failures, and I—your Margaret, whom you once loved—will neither ask nor accept them. You 'must gamble,' you say. Alas! that a man with brain, and body and soul, should say it! Then I must leave you to the grim rival you love better than soul or honor, or—wife."

D'Eresby went white, and with one step forward, placed his hands on her shoulders, turning her forcibly to him.

"Are you mad," he said, through his teeth, "to brave me like this? 'Must' leave me—your husband! You, a young and beautiful woman! If that is your fashion of righting a wrong, it isn't mine! Fallen low—gambler though I may be—I am still a man and a gentleman, who loves honor and a wife enough to keep both safe!"

Through all the passion and bitterness, through all the despairing consciousness of miserable fall that was so utterly pathetic, there was the ring to the old love that clung to hers so wildly, and shrank in dread from the mere suggestion of losing it—losing her from out his life, seared and reckless though it was, but at least never stained with unfaith to her.

Perhaps it was that knowledge—the one brightness to both in the darkness—that made the gambler's wife, at those last words, lift her soft, sorrowful eyes to his with a wistful, eager look; which made the man, in a sudden passion of love and remorse, wrap her to his breast, and stooping, press his lips to hers in a kind of agony, she yielding utterly as a woman yields to what may be the last embrace of the man she loves.

"My darling! my darling!" he whispered, hoarsely. "How can I live without you?—how can I live without you?"

How? Then she still had fast hold of the golden chord, strained to almost breaking, though he had drawn its tension. Her heart throbbed against his almost to stifling—there was some hope in the desperate step she was resolved on; she saw she must take it for his dear sake. For her sake, to win her back, what might not that will of his—weak only against one vice—achieve?

* * * * * *

For two or three days after that things went more quietly; but Margaret knew too well that there was no lasting in the false calm on the surface. Emotional remorse was not the penitence that strives to reform, but the ever restless, despairing self-reproach of an impassioned, strong, but undisciplined nature, that is too fervid and fine at the core to ever be quite callous to the sense of wrong and degradation; and therein lay some hope of reclamation—the man was neither weak nor heartless—and where there is strength and heart there is something to lay hold of almost to the last.

Margaret's threat, as Leigh held it, had startled him, and for a day or two made him, in a fashion, vaguely uneasy and watchful; but he did not, could not, believe she really meant it, still less intended to carry it out. Bah! what absurdity; that tender, clinging creature; tear herself from him? She could not even earn a living! How foolish he was to have been startled; and luck must turn soon too, so skilled and cool a player as he was.

And chance, that morass-light to the gambler, did turn a little very next night, and the next too; he won some hundreds of francs. By the third night he had almost forgotten his wife's threat, and when he was going, said, with a glance round of disgust:

"If I win heavily to-night, we'll get out of this poverty-struck third floor, and be off to bright Monte Carlo."

"As you will, Leigh," she said, wearily. Her heart was breaking, poor thing.

He frowned, half angered, because stung sharply by conscience, then with impulsive reaction he caught her to his heart and passionately kissed her soft, trembling lips.

"Forgive me, my own love!"

How she clung to him, struggling against the choking sobs; now that the test had actually come her strength well-nigh failed, it was so bitter, so terrible to part.

"It might be for years,
Or it might be for ever."

"So, then, au revoir, sweetheart," came the beloved voice.

One more kiss and D'Eresby was gone.

Tempted on, inspirited afresh by the fell demon of success that so fatally lures the gambler yet further into his grip, Leigh D'Eresby played more daringly, more reckless than ever, cool to nonchalance outwardly—he always was—but within his blood at a fever heat of madly exultant excitement. The pile of gold and notes beside him grew despite occasional slight reverses, and when in the early morning hours he left the fast thinning salle-de-jeu he was a winner by three or four thousand francs.

The clock of St. Roch was striking something, he hardly noticed what, as he went up to his own rooms and quietly let himself in.

The lamp was alight as usual, on the table, and the room empty. Of course Margaret was in bed, but the inner door was ajar, and some light gleamed from within. Was she still up, after all?

"Margaret," he said, under his breath; he hardly knew why, or why such a curious cold chill went through his fevered blood when no answer came. He strode to the door and pushed it wide open.

A lamp burned on the bureau, lighting every corner of the small apartment; it was empty, and a small portmanteau, that had stood at the foot of the bed, was gone. One glance took it all at once, and D'Eresby reeled back against the door, stunned, dazed by the crushing blow, mentally and physically paralyzed his very senses seeming to swoon under the shock.

She was gone then; she had left him to the dead blank of an awful loss that grew upon him each moment, and yet was too terrible to fully realize; it was a mad fancy of his burning, excited brain; she could not have left him; she must be somewhere about, or gone to some hotel only, to—to frighten him about what she had threatened.

Then he moved, in a blind, stupefied way, back to the other room, and dropped into a chair by the table. His wide, haggard eyes going vaguely over the faded flower pattern of the cloth, were suddenly arrested by the sight of something white.

Heavens! how had it escaped him when he first entered? A letter—a letter—his own name on it, in her hand. Leigh caught it up and broke it open in a sudden rush back of agonized life that swept away the numbness before its vivid suffering; the words scintillated at first through a black mist, then stood out as if written in fire that burned into his soul.

"For your own most dear sake, my husband, because I so love you, once and for ever, I have kept my word, and to try to find me will be useless. Whether we meet again in the future is in your hands to work out. If you conquer the foe that has wrecked all, then call your Margaret back to your arms, or if illness overtake you, write, under cover, to Mr. Bockwith, the banker.

"Ever your own heartbroken wife.

"P. S.—Have no fear for me. I had put by money whilst your own fortune still lasted, thinking that one day, if I could win you from the demon of play, we should need it to live on till you found employment. My darling, I still try to hope—I must still cling to some hope, or die."

The letter was blurred with tears. Ah, what tears they must have been that had fallen on such a letter! The man folded his arms on the table and laid his stricken head on them with deep racking sobs that shook him to the very centre. He knew now why his Margaret had clung to him so that evening, lifted her lips for his kiss. There was only one ray of light in all the darkness of sin and agony—his last words to her had been of love; his last touch a close clasp and lover's passionate kiss!

* * * * * *

Such a bleak, March evening! with a bitter northeast wind sweeping across the open country, that cut one in half, that brought flakes of snow on its icy breath, and shook the bare branches of the gaunt trees scattered along the wide, dreary road, which hereabouts forked into three, with an old finger-post in the centre.

Well might that wayfarer shiver so, as he arrested his slow steps to decipher the direction on each wooden arm.

No ordinary or common wayfarer either—a gentleman, unmistakably, though his dress was neither very new or thick enough against an inclement English March night; but it might have been rags, and the way it was worn, the man's face, bearing, tout ensemble, would unerringly have betrayed the indelible stamp of caste.

But what a worn, haggard face, hollow-cheeked, lined with suffering, the delicate lips parched, the great dark eyes heavy, yet lurid as with a burning fever, that seemed to be consuming his very blood and life! He look almost like a dying man—perhaps he was, poor fellow! and, feeling the fell hand after the long eighteen months' struggle and privation, was striving still just to reach one goal, then to lay down and die.

Little wonder, too, after weeks of bare subsistence and slow, consuming low-fevered sapping strength daily; and he had made his way, on foot, from London to day, with but very little food. Worn out, all but spent, it was with a kind of dull despair that those eager, fever-bright eyes read the words on the finger-post:

"To Dean's Hollow, three miles."

"Three miles further! Three miles! Can I crawl so far?" came with a choked sob in his throat, and for minutes he leaned against the post, drawing each breath with painful labor.

Then, with a desperate effort, the race-horse blood rallied once more against the ravages of illness and suffering, and the tall, slight figure moved on again, the weary feet simply incapable of a quickened pace; only a wild, voiceless appeal went up from that man's breaking heart.

"Oh, Heaven! in pity, let me live to die at her feet!"

On—on, in a dogged, desperate way, that dare not stop, lest the last remnant of strength give way, and the overtaxed brain reel dizzily, the man plodded, step by step, those three miles of dark, dreary road, where lay the village that was his goal. Three miles! Were they three, or three hundred?

The last he almost crawled in pace, scarcely able to keep himself up at all; and when, turning a bend, a glimmer of light ahead gleamed in the darkness, he caught his breath with the wild leap his heart gave.

Was that Dean's Hollow at last?—a light from a cottage at all, or only his fevered fancy? No, no; this was, surely, a low wooden railing his cold, trembling hand was touching to steady himself by as he crept along, his wild, straining eyes fixed on that beacon-light from the parlor-window of a cottage, perhaps? Yes—yes, here was a wicket-gate open, a fore-court, a closed door under a porch door under a porch near the blinded window. Someone must—must be within to tell him where she was.

He staggered up the little path to the porch, with just enough strength left to feebly lift a hand to the door, and lean up heavily against the trellis, spent, sick, faint, scarcely more than half-conscious, as some hand within sharply withdrew the bolt, and opened the door wide.

* * * * * *

They were the neatest and prettiest of rooms you ever saw, that parlor and bedroom adjoining, which Jem Grant and his wife, of Ivy Cottage, let in the boating season, or any other time they could, for that matter; and as there was a back entrance, no lodger ever objected to the primitive rurality of the front door opening direct into their sitting-room; and, indeed, the present tenant, who had been resident a week or two, had been quite taken with the place.

The room looked particularly cozy on this bitter March night, for the wide, old-fashioned sofa was drawn up to one side of a blazing fire, that mingled its warm, red light with that of the chandelier.

"It just looks comfort itself, Mrs. D'Eresby," said the little landlady, setting the supper table for her lodger, near ten o'clock; "and the kettle singing, too, on the hob; and see, I've brought you some of our soup in this saucepan, ma'am; you might like it later, so I'll pop it on the other hob."

"Thanks, so much," said Mrs. D'Eresby's low, sweet voice, always so pathetic, like the exquisite, very sorrowful face; "don't sit up either; you can leave these things."

"Very well, ma'am; but we shan't be gone to bed yet, if you should ring. Good-night, ma'am."

"Good-night, Mrs. Grant."

And then again the gambler's wife was left

"To sit and dream alone"

of the past, of the one being who was never absent from her thoughts all these terrible eighteen months. Why had he never written—where was he now—what was his life—fate? Had she been mistaken, wrong to leave him? had the loss of her only driven him to worse in the madness of misery and remorse? Was he ill—in want, and would not write, for shame's sake, because he had tried and failed, and sunk lower—her lover, husband, her one hope in life? No, no! better death than such torture! He was trying still, fighting against the grim rival for the sake of his lost love, honor, soul. She must still have patience, hope, trust; but oh, it was so hard to be patient when no sign came month after month!

She forced herself to eat something; then went and stirred the fire, and tried to read; but the letters only made one dear word, one dear name. She threw aside the book suddenly, with a nervous start.

What was that? a step on the gravel? Nonsense! all Dean was asleep by now—it was her excited fancy. Was it fancy, then, that a hand struck against the door—that a deep, piteous moan, as of a dying creature's last gasp, reached her ear, and sent every heart's throb to her throat, as she sprang to the door, unbolted it, and threw it open? Was it fancy only which saw that wasted, haggard man leaning against the doorpost, travel-stained, shivering with cold, but with glittering, feverish-stricken eyes, who, with a last effort of strength, staggered a step into the full, warm light of the room, shutting the door?

"Husband!" Margaret cried, in a stifled way, and locked her arms about the quivering form in a passion of joy and agony; "my love! my love!—come back at last—but, oh, how ill and worn!"

"Wife—forgive—I am only come—to die near you," fell from the man's parched lips in a broken whisper, that—in the very terror of the words and look struck to her soul—gave her strength to master every emotion for his supreme need's sake.

"Not to die, my darling, not to die!" she managed to say, as she half drew, half supported him to the sofa, "but to live, for your Margaret to love and nurse back to strength and happiness!"

He was past even a whisper, but this poor hand clung feebly to hers as she gently put him from her clasp back against the cushions—it almost broke her down to see the once strong man more helpless than a child, but she crushed back the agony in her heart, and tenderly loosed the frail hold that thrilled her every nerve.

"One moment, dearest—to get you food," she said, and noiselessly and quickly went to a side cupboard, put some brandy into a cup, filled it up with some warm broth, and came back to the sofa. "Drink this, Leigh." She lifted the curly head on her arm, and held the cup to his lips. "Try, my heart, for me, then."

He swallowed it slowly, with effort at first, and between intervals; then eagerly, as the internal warmth and strength of the food and brandy began to revive the utter physical exhaustion; for, as she reached out the cup to the table, there was a long quivering breath, and the heavy eyelids lifted, the lips moved, and again a faint whisper came.

"When I am gone—forgive, if you can—and believe that you—are not now—a gambler's wife."

Too spent before for any overt emotion, the slight revival of vitality, and perhaps accession of fever, gave a momentary strength, for at the last word he suddenly buried his face on her bosom, and broke down into a passion of deep heavy sobs that seemed to threaten his very life.

"Better die here, than live over again that long agony without you, wife—better dead—better dead!"

"Hush! my own love; it broke my heart!" Margaret whispered, chokingly, pressing the poor penitent head closer still to her. "You must live for me—all is forgotten, forgiven utterly. O, why did not you come back before, or send for me? Hush, my darling, don't sob so terribly."

Tenderest soothing and caresses of a woman's love, and by degrees the wild burning tears grew softer, until in sheer exhaustion, weak and helpless as a child, he lay against her, his arm still clinging about her.

Then she gently loosed herself, and put him back on the couch, lying at full length, covered him with a shawl, and then stepped out to the kitchen for a moment.

"I told you both," she said, quickly, "that my husband was abroad, and might return any time suddenly; he has come back now, very ill, I fear," her voice broke a little at last, poor girl; "and, Mr. Grant, if you would please run over for Dr. Hargrave——"

"Of course I will, ma'am." Jem jumped up, and took his hat. "I'll bring him back in ten minutes; it ain't far."

And off he went, while Mrs. Grant asked if she could be any help.

"Not at present," Mrs. D'Eresby said, gratefully; "she must give him more of the broth; but if Mrs. Grant would make up the bedroom fire, she would be thankful."

"I'll see to it, my dear."

Margaret went back to Leigh, who lay still, with closed eyes, the flush of fever on his hollow cheeks, half unconscious; but, through all the suffering and lethargy, with a dreamy, delicious sense of warmth and restfulness and love—so long unknown and strange—a sense of his Margaret's presence.

When Dr. Hargrave came, he gave a very keen look from one to the other, reading sharply enough a story from these two faces—the man's especially, and quietly addressed him to ascertain the height of the fever, asked one or two questions, and wrote a prescription with which he sent Jem back to his own house, to bring back the medicine, and then said, cheerfully:

"Now, my poor fellow, we'll put you to bed; get the fever down, and feed you up, eh? Come, so that's it."

He was a powerfully built man, nearly as tall as D'Eresby; and doctor and wife soon got the sufferer into bed.

"How good you are," poor Leigh whispered, with such a grateful look from those dark, beautiful eyes. "I don't deserve it."

"Never mind that now. Just come here, Mrs. D'Eresby."

He drew her to the next room, and said, quietly:

"We're just in time, Mrs. D'Eresby; the low fever is high, and he has had it on him for weeks, I think; and insufficient food, too, with great mental strain. There is an utter prostration of the whole system."

"Doctor he—he is not dying!—he said he was—looked it." Margaret gasped, struggling against the passionate sobs that stifled her.

"My poor child! no, no, not dying; with care and your love, I am sure he has come home to you in time. Ah, here is Jem with the medicine."

Grant brought it in, and Dr. Hargrave at once administered a dose, then gave Margaret directions for the night, said he would call in early to-morrow, and went away.

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The wasting, low fever that had held undisputed reign for weeks, soon yielded its grasp before medical skill, a naturally splendid constitution, and also the tender nursing of the beloved and loving woman, to whom D'Eresby clung with a sort of humble worship that was infinitely pathetic. In those earlier days of prostration and fever, he scarcely spoke or moved a hand even, but would lie quite still, in an exquisite dreamlike state of physical and mental surrender to rest and her presence. His darling, who had saved body and soul, how, she knew not yet; but when she met the dark, wistful eyes, that followed her every movement, she would smile and stoop over him to lay her soft lips to his own, and when once the fever was mastered, and he could come on to the sofa, in the sweet, early April days, he rapidly picked up strength.

And with strength the power to think, to recall the whole miserable sinful past vividly, suffer, unrestful in the yearning to confess all, and plead only in his deep humiliation and penitence, for leave to try and atone for that cruel past. Poor fellow, he never thought, in his self-condemnation, that all the failure at first, then the desperate fight against the wretched vice, all the struggle for bare living honestly earned, all the agony and hard privation of these eighteen months, had at least in part atoned.

"Margaret, come to me!" he said, quite suddenly, one afternoon, when he had been lying for a long time gazing into the fire, with a very sorrowful look—as the wife's watchful eyes had seen.

She went at once, and knelt down beside him.

"Dearest, what is troubling you so?" she said, fondly putting back his wavy locks from his brow—how handsome he was again, with a softened beauty he had never before had in her knowledge of him!

D'Eresby put his arm round her, and drew her close as she nestled to him.

"You," he said, in a suppressed way; "I can't bear it, wife; I must tell you. Oh, I have made you suffer so terribly, that all my own miserable anguish is no expiation."

"Leigh, hush! it is all forgotten. I have got you back, never more to part," she said, with a half sob smothered on his breast; "and you—you have crushed out the deadly foe."

"Margaret, by your noble strength, and God's help—not mine—I have crushed it," D'Eresby said, very low, his face bent to her fair head; and it seemed scarcely the man who, a wild gambler, had once been so harsh to her, or who, only a few weeks ago, had staggered in here, almost an dying man. "I must tell you all, sweetheart."

"When you were gone, the awful loss stunned me, I think, numbed me with agony; then came reaction. I was maddened with remorse and misery, and—and I gambled more wildly than ever—for weeks; yes, I did; the demon had me fast. I startled the wildest of them. I lost nearly all my last gains. I cursed myself, and the hour I cursed you with my love. Love! Mockery! Was that love which wrecked your life, and drove you from me?"

"Oh, husband! I should not—I should not!" she sobbed. "I was wrong to leave you; but it was for your sake."

"You were right, my precious treasure! Oh, Margaret! it is I who should kneel to you. I failed so many times in the desperate battle against the horrible passion that was your rival—your only rival ever. I had one comfort—two—your precious letter, and the memory that, at least, my last words to you were of love, my last touch a kiss—else I must have killed myself in madness of misery. Then, at last, after months of battle, I flung back the accursed vice for ever; I have not touched cards or dice for a year—I never shall again."

"Thank God!" the wife whispered, clinging to her dear penitent. "Oh, thank God! I know it is all past."

"Sweetheart! then came the struggle for bare living. How I existed, Heaven knows! I scarcely do now; but I took anything I could, and for weeks I had scarcely anything to live on, and the fever got its hold. I felt myself sinking, dying at last, and I could not die unforgiven, my darling—not away from you. Hush! don't sob," he laid his cheek to hers tenderly, as the slight form quivered in his arms. "Then I went to Mr. Beckwith, and made him give me your address. I had only a few pence left for a little food on the way, and so I walked the whole way from to town to you."

"Leigh! Oh!" she cried out, "why—why didn't you write, or come long before? I had saved up hundreds out of your fortune in those four years—for you—for this very end, husband! Why didn't you come before you suffered so?"

She was sobbing now, as if her heart would break.

"And I—not with you!—I——"

"My darling, forgive me that, too, if you can; but how could I dare?" D'Eresby said, under his breath. "I could not. You might have thought it was because I was poor I so feared; and I had no right, only when I believed I must die!—Oh, wife, forgive!" He broke off passionately clasping her to his heart, pressing his lips to hers. "I will work for you day and night my love, my life, only forgive this once more, and let me live for you!"

"My one love, my husband!"

And in that sweet name and those soft, uplifted eyes, he had all he pleaded for.

* * * * * *

Dr. Hargrave, a few days later, heard from D'Eresby himself the outline of the story which he had pretty nearly guessed at before, and when the young man added, glancing at his wife, that now he must get work, as secretary, or anything else that was honest, the doctor said, smiling:

"That's right, D'Eresby, and I can get you just such a berth with a friend of mine, with work, and that priceless wife of yours at your side, your future will redeem the past. Good bye. God keep you both," added the doctor, huskily, and went away.

Across the World.

BY E. C. KITTON.

"VERY comfortable-looking poverty, I must say, Georgie," said Geoffrey Martin, looking round the little room approvingly. Certainly the dainty furniture and hangings and the blazing fire were worthy of approval.

"I quite agree with, Geoff," answered Georgie from her low chair, where she sat with her slipper on the fender. "At first we found several drawbacks, but now that we have got used to making our own beds and cooking our own dinners, we rather enjoy life than not. Of course there are heaps of things that we miss, and it was pleasanter to have servants to wait upon us than to have a woman in every morning to 'do up' the rooms; but we are too busy to have leisure to pine. I teach the young ladies of the town to play the piano, and to speak their native tongue with accuracy; and Josie is daily companion to an invalid lady—hours from ten to eight, and a holiday on Sunday. We rather like it."

"But Anna would not bend her shoulders to the yoke!"

"No; Anna thought poverty in England very objectionable. So she wrote to James that she had changed her mind with regard to going out to be married, and should sail for Melbourne in the next steamer. We wanted her to wait for an answer from him, but she had a more perfect faith in him than we had, I suppose; any way, she is gone."

"Have you heard of her arrival yet?"

"Yes, and no. We have heard that the Petrel arrived safely, but we could

hardly have a letter from her till this week. It is just about three months since she sailed."

"Let us hope that her letter will not bring the announcement of her marriage to somebody else upon the voyage. It would be too bad if she broke poor old James's heart, and those things do happen."

"So do snowflakes in May. No, I am not going to waste much anticipatory sympathy over Jamie's heart. I am anxious to hear from Anna though, and so is Josie. That young woman is late to-night, and I am dying to see her surprise when she finds you here."

"She is due, is she?" said Geoffrey, walking to the window and pulling aside the blind that he might look out on the garden path, dimly lighted by the gas lamps on the road. "Does she walk or drive? There is a cab now coming along."

"Walk, of course! We cannot afford carriages!"

"The cab is coming here, nevertheless. Stop at the gate—somebody gets out: it is Josie, or Anna!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Georgie, starting up in such haste that her chair went one way and the fire-irons another. "Oh, Geoff, what is it? I am so glad you are here!"

"I am glad you are glad," he returned grimly. "There, you see, if it is not Anna I am a Dutchman."

"And if it is Anna it is her heart that is broken and not Jem's," cried Georgie, rushing from the window to the front door. "Oh, my poor, poor dear!" she went on as she flung it open and caught the new comer in her arms. "What is it all, and how came you to be back again?"

"I am so tired, Georgie! I cannot talk," answered Anna wearily. "All my luggage is out there."

"Geoff shall see to that. Come right in, darling. You shall rest and tell us all the tale to-morrow."

Rest was just what the wayfarer wanted. She drank her hot brandy and water, and took her soup in Georgie's lately vacated chair and was after that only too thankfully led away to bed. Her sister undressed her and settled her with all love and tenderness amongst the pillows without permitting a word of explanation, and then ran again to Geoff and Josie.

"I call this a horrid suprise!" she said. "I always did hate surprises; they are no better than practical jokes. What do you think of Jamie now?"

"Perhaps the poor fellow is dead," suggested Geoffrey.

"Not he; naught never comes to harm," said Josie spitefully. "The best I can hope for him is that he is ruined."

"Well, heaven be thanked that whatever has come to him we have Anna back safe. She looks horribly ill. Geoff, you will come in to-morrow to hear all there is to hear about it?" For Geoff was evidently ready to depart.

"I shall be in first thing, of course. I would stop if I might, but it won't do to scandalize your pupils. If there is anything to be done you will fetch me directly?"

"I am so glad you are here!"

Poor Anna! her tale was told in few words, but those few words contained a volume of sorrow. Her outward voyage had been prosperous and exceedingly pleasant. She was leaving poverty behind her, and was about to meet the man to whom her whole heart was given, and who had, as she knew, made a comfortable living for himself; she was strong and well and light-hearted, and all on board the vessel conspired to court and flatter her. She might have chosen a husband from amongst half-a-dozen men, but it was Jamie she wanted and Jamie to whom she was going. All through the voyage she pictured his delight when he should rush on board the Petrel to welcome her, but the Petrel arrived and there was no Jamie. Nor the next day, nor the next day; she settled herself in an hotel, wrote to him and waited.

After three days' waiting, a lady was ushered into her room—a lady most distinctly of the strong-minded genus. Not a bad looking woman, Anna thought to herself as the two stood watchfully regarding one another; not bad looking, nor vulgar, nor quite a lady, not just at this moment quite at her ease.

"You are Miss Edgar, aren't you?" she said, after that pause of inspection. "It is rather awkward for us, you see. I am Mrs. Barrington—you won't take it kindly, I am afraid—but Jem would not come himself, he would send me. Now what can we do to put things as right as they can be?"

So the delay was explained. The delighted bridegroom had not rushed to meet his bride because he was already husband to another woman. It went hard with Anna, but she was a proud woman and compelled herself to give a cold attention to the explanations that Mrs. Barrington forced upon her. As if, being betrayed, it mattered to her how the thing was done! A rescue from danger on the one side, nursing through an illness on the other. What did it matter to the woman they had cheated? Mrs. Barrington's offers of assistance were haughtily declined, and the first steamer that left Melbourne carried Anna Edgar with it.

"Did you foresee this, Georgie, when you gave me the exact passage in that purse, 'towards the house plenishing?'"

"Don't ask home questions, darling," answered Georgie with kisses. "Lie still and get well as quickly as you can."

For Anna had been exceedingly ill upon the return voyage, and still terribly weak and shaken. The sympathy of all the place was with her, for seeing the impossibility of keeping the disaster secret, the Edgars had decided to speak of it openly at once, and friendly gifts of all kinds came in to show the kindly feeling of the neighbors. The little house overflowed like a cornucopia with fruit and flowers.

Geoffrey hung about, ready to nurse, run errands, write letters, or do anything that could be required of him, as long as his business could spare him, and then unwillingly announced that he must go.

"You say it is heartless of me if I suggest that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," he said, squeezing Georgie's hand as they sat over the twilight fire; "but you see Anna could not have done me a better turn than by coming to grief in this way. All your misfortune seem to be good luck to me. If she had not come back I should have been afraid to ask you to come to me, Georgie, darling, for you would have said you could not leave Josie. I cannot offer you anything like what you are used to or what you ought to have, but you say you do not mind being poor."

"I like it, Geoff dear," answered Georgie; "and, besides, your poverty is wealth compared with ours."

Three-and-twenty was Anna Edgar when she went out to Australia in the Petrel. At three-and thirty she was Anna Edgar still, and the Petrel was steaming towards England with James Barrington on board.

The little house in Oxford Road had proved a cheery home during those ten years to two busy and therefore happy women. Josie had tended the invalid to the close of her pilgrimage, and now aided her young daughter in the superintendence of the household; Anna had stepped into the place that Georgie left vacant, and had become famous through the neighborhood as a teacher of elocution. Her romantic story, instead of covering her with contempt as she expected, had brought her hosts of sympathizers and admirers. Life had prospered with the sisters, and they could now afford to work leisurely if they chose, and to keep the servant that they had once been obliged to forego.

On a day in August, Anna Edgar was taking decided holiday. Georgie and her babes had just left after one of their frequent gleeful visits, and she was resting in preparation for the next event. Her music was open on the piano, and her blotting-book on the writing-table; but her attention was wholly taken up with certain patterns of laces and silks and velvets that were spread before her. She was evidently choosing a dress or dresses for some important occasion, and she fingered one pattern after another with lingering care.

Anna had always been handsome, but she was handsomer now than ten years back, and to-day, with an expression of gentle contentment upon her face, she looked particularly well. She was so entirely engrossed in the train of thought with which the silks and laces were associated, that she did not notice the sound of footsteps coming through the garden, and started when Mary ushered into the room "a gentleman to speak to you, Miss Anna." With a flush of surprise on her beautiful face, she turned to encounter her old lover James Barrington.

"There is some mistake, I think," she said, drawing herself back haughtily after the first shock of astonishment had passed. "You can scarcely have wished to see me."

"I have come across the world for that purpose. They tell me you are still Miss Edgar."

"That is perfectly correct; but I fail to see what concern it is of yours—now," she cried with emphasis.

"I have come across the world, as I said, to seek you out, and ask if you have forgiven me for what happened ten years ago, Anna. This is my only child," he said, pointing to a little girl in a mourning frock, who hung shily behind him.

Anna looked curiously at the child of the woman who had supplanted her. She bore a softened resemblance to her mother, but in her face was a strange expression indicative of Anna knew not what.

"Indeed," said Anna, and paused inquiringly.

"I have brought her with me," resumed James; "she is all I have. It is almost two years since she lost her mother."

"And you probably wish her to be educated in England. I am sorry to hear of your loss: it is a great charge to be left with so young a child to train."

Anna was aware that she spoke stiffly and indifferently, but she was still in the dark as to the meaning of the present interview, and she resented what she looked upon as an unwarrantable intrusion.

"I brought her with me because I could not do without the only creature I have belonging to me, and, besides, I want to show her to an English doctor. Anna, do you not know what my loneliness is, and how ill I can bear to be alone. I never could bear to be by myself. It was that that brought about what you must look on as my treachery towards you. You know how I urged you to come out to me, and how you would still wait till I came to fetch you. It was too lonely, and then I met with Jessie. She told you all about it: she was good to me and I married her. Then you came out, two months too late, and it broke my heart, Anna, for it was you always that I loved."

"Hush!" exclaimed Anna, aghast, as he ended with an appeal in his voice. "This is scarcely fit talk before your wife's daughter."

"Do you not know," he said bitterly, "the child is stone deaf? The same calamity that deprived me of her mother took away her hearing. We may say what we choose before her: she only knows what we say on our fingers."

"Poor little soul!" said Anna, suddenly relenting towards the mute little figure, and taking her into her friendly arms. She understood now the strange expression that she had noticed on the child's face.

"It is a heavy trial to her and to me, and she has no mother. Anna, I have come to see if you can be won to forgive me the past and take the place now that you have always had in my heart. I am a rich man now in everything but happiness; I can give you all the luxuries you were born to, and if you do not choose to go to Australia I will sell my property there and purchase an estate where you please in England."

Anna had released the child, and now stood proudly confronting its father.

"I am exceedingly glad to hear of your prosperity; it must surpass even your expectations, and I trust that you may long enjoy it. But as I said at the beginning, you have made a mistake, your presence here is uncalled for."

"I know," said James earnestly, "that you must even yet feel sore and angry when you think of my treatment of you; but you do not realize how much I too have undergone. Jessie was a good woman, a good wife, but she was not the woman that I loved."

"More shame for you," interrupted Anna.

James put up his hand imploringly.

"You speak truly; but it was you—you always that I carried in heart, and it is you that I have come back to seek, Anna. If you are still angry with me, will you not have compassion on the child? Think of her helplessness, for what am I as a guardian to that little thing? Women are always tender-hearted, and the child has never offended you. Think of her need and my need, and of how I have loved you always."

"And betrayed me," said Anna; but he went on unheeding her.

"And how I love you still. Will you not yield? You are still Anna Edgar."

"I am," said she, blushing in spite of herself; "but here is Dr. Wilberforce. I had better refer you to him, for this day month I shall be Mrs. Wilberforce."

"Anna, Anna! am I too late? Have I come across the world in search of you, in vain?"

"You forget perhaps," she answered coldly, "that there was a time when you led me across the world in search of you in vain. I loved you once; but I am only a woman, and if I were weak enough to love you still I should scarcely have courage to risk a second betrayal."

She stood before him, proud and prosperous and happy, and if she had desired revenge for her past wrongs she had it in that hour.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Japanese ivy has been charged with many serious things, such as injuring the stone and brick work of buildings upon which it grows, and affording a safe harbor for mice. And now comes another. The offending plant covered the walls of a stable and formed an entrance by the window. There one of the horses, in his eagerness for green food, nibbled freely of the leaves within his reach, immediately fell ill, and died soon after from their poisonous effect, as an examination indicated. All of which is doubtless a libel on this lovely creeper.

John Gordon, a farmer in a small way, of Lake county, Indiana, has a son who is betrothed to a lassie living in the nearest village, but poverty deferred the nuptial rite. A few days ago Gordon, Sr., received a "green goods" circular, and, dazzled by its glittering promises, he mortgaged his little farm for $600 and forwarded the money. It was agreed that Gordon, Jr., should have the proceeds to settle him in life, minus the amount necessary to lift the mortgage. Later Gordon received a return for his investment in the shape of a box by express, charges unpaid and filled with sawdust. The wedding has been postponed.

A Paris letter to a London paper states that an infant phenomenon has been discovered at Puisaye, a suburb of Paris, in the person of a little girl called Jeanne Moreau, aged only five, but endowed with a most extraordinary memory. She is a walking encyclopedia on all matters appertaining to the history of France, and especially of the great Revolution; is an adept also in natural history, and at the same time answers without hesitation or error practical questions about cooking, gardening and household management. The parents of the child are very poor, and she has been adopted by a Madame Culley, who has had the child's remarkable faculties cultivated, until she has become capable of passing a competitive examination that would be far too difficult for older persons of more extensive education.

In Paris nothing is wasted, not the smallest scrap of paper; that which every one else throws away here becomes a source of profit. Old provision tins, for instance, are full of money; the lead soldering is removed and melted down into cakes, while the tin goes to make children's toys. Old boots, however bad, always contain in the arch of the foot at least one sound piece that will serve again, and generally there are two or three others in the sole, the heel and at the back. Scraps of paper go to the cardboard factory, orange peel to the marmalade maker, and so on. The ideas suggested are not always agreeable, and to see a ragpicker fishing orange peel out of the basket is enough to make one forswear marmalade—but there is worse than that. The most valuable refuse—that which fetches 2 francs the kilo—is hair; the long goes to the hairdresser, while the short is used among other things for clarifying oils.

Prince Bismarck told a story the other day of the battlefield of Koniggratz. The old Emperor, then King of Prussia, had exposed himself and his staff to the enemy's fire, and would not hear of retreating to a safe distance. At last Prince Bismarck rode up to him saying: "As responsible Minister I must insist upon your Majesty's retreat to a safe distance. If your Majesty were to be killed the victory would be of no use to us." The King saw the force of this and slowly retreated, but in his zeal returned again and again to the front. "When I noticed it," Prince Bismarck went on, "I only rose in my saddle and looked at him. He understood it perfectly, and called out rather angrily, 'Yes, I am coming.' But we did not get on fast enough, and at last I rode up close to the King, took my foot out of the right stirrup, and secretly gave his horse an energetic kick. Such a thing had never before happened to the fat mare, but the move was successful, for she shot off in a fine canter."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address as above.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

GRANNIE'S FRITZ.

BY J. WATERMAN.

WHY, children! Boys and girls—all of you! I declare you scarcely allow me an inch of room."

"Oh, dear—dear grannie!" and with these words, half a dozen sunny-hearted young folk had scrambled yet more closely around her, and were peering beseechingly in the old lady's face.

"You want a real 'live' story, you say—one, too, that is rather exciting?" and the stately white-haired German "grannie" glanced inquiringly around her. "Choose a subject, then, children. Anything you like."

"Anything we like!" exclaimed wondering little Erma. "Well, that is too funny."

"Anything you like, then, my Erma. Only don't fidget so on that old ottoman. I can't tell the story else."

A bright thought struck Erma.

"The ottoman, then, grannie, please—that's a good idea! The ottoman!" she petitioned. "It's a shabby old thing, certainly; and cousin Max said the other day that he actually considered it a disgrace to your blue parlor; but it is 'something,' as you said."

Hans and Hermann declared Erma's idea to be only "too ridiculous," whilst Clara and Rose persisted in exclaiming, "No, no, Erma; that isn't possible!"

"It will answer capitally!" broke in upon the ears of the astonished boys and girls. "A story about an ottoman, then—let it be so. I said that anything would do, and I am bound, of course, to keep my word."

More than one pair of rosy lips were pressed at that instant against grannie's soft but wrinkled forehead. More than one pair of loving arms were thrown caressingly around her neck.

"Now for the ottoman story," she said, in a clear voice, meanwhile wiping her spectacles. "The story happened—well, then—more than fifty years ago. It was winter time. Deep snow lay upon the ground in our own beautiful Germany which we all love so much."

"Hurrah!" came now, with a hearty cheer.

"But there was no cheering then, children. On the contrary, everyone was in great trouble. It was war-time, you see. French soldiers took full possession of our homes and castles; just in fact, as if they had never belonged to anyone else. Our enemies tried in every way to make us feel their mastery, and a terrible time it was.

"One day—it was on Wednesday I remember—half a dozen gaily dressed officers, accompanied by a troop of soldiers, demanded entrance at the heavy gateway of a delightful old castle overlooking the banks of a wide river.

"What was to be done? The mistress of the castle knew full well that all resistance upon her part was useless, and that the invading force would make their way in whether she permitted it or not. Her husband was lying there that very moment dangerously ill, and to him, therefore, she could not look for help. Her son, too, was powerless to assist—too young at least to take his father's place.

"Quick as thought, therefore, she resolved upon being both master and mistress upon the present occasion. 'Open the gates!' she cried, seeing that this was the only course left her.

"The enemy's soldiers came trooping in, one after the other, in large numbers, and boldly took possession of everything. They scampered up and down the costly and daintily kept stair-cases, knocked about the valuable old-fashioned furniture and within the space of a few seconds turned everything so completely topsy-turvy that every member of the household, from the oldest to the youngest, felt almost out of their senses with fright.

"It was of no use either for the once stately mistress of all to wring her hands now despairingly, and weep bitter tears. Such a course would not indeed help her in the least.

"Her boy, too, although by nature brave and fearless, had become suddenly scared. He had just overheard some of the officers declare that when they grew tired of remaining there they intended taking him away with them as a prisoner.

"The thought, now; of all this was decidedly more than Fritz could stand. He was too young—also far too much flurried—even to pause and think. 'I'll hide myself,' he decided now with the speed of lightning.

"'The fellows deserve to be made prisoners themselves,' mused the boy bitterly. 'To think of our own beautiful home being treated with such indignities!'

"He slipped into a small room close by. It was some relief at least to feel that he was once more alone.

"The soldiers might, however, follow him at any moment. He must therefore make haste.

"Quick as thought itself he threw open an ottoman; a large, but considerably battered, old-fashioned ottoman—"

"Delightful! Why—go on, grannie, quickly. It's an ottoman story, indeed; and no mistake about it," fell from many voices.

"'Why—of course—it's the very place for me,' thought Fritz; and in he jumped. 'It's pleasant enough, and certainly roomy," he decided again, 'and as for obtaining sufficient air to breathe—why, it's easy enough to open that end a little from the inside."

"'These soldiers will never find me,' he chuckled to himself, as he lay at full length comfortably in the bottom of the green stuffed hiding-place.

"Suddenly, however, he started—although not, alas, to his feet!

"'Take that shabby-looking ottoman away into the room opposite,' he heard someone say. 'It looks comfortable. I shall sleep upon it to-night.'

"The next moment, it seemed even before Fritz could pause to think, he felt himself raised aloft. The soldiers had evidently obeyed orders, and now swung the somewhat heavy article of furniture vigorously backwards and forwards as they held it by the two iron handles.

"'Yes; it's exceeding comfortable,' he heard a voice say, after its owner had thrown himself upon the top of Fritz. 'Now—good night to you all! Don't disturb me either, on pain of punishment, until to-morrow morning.'"

"And Fritz, then—who had never done harm to anyone—was starved to death!" broke in Erma shudderingly, no longer able to restrain her feelings. "How cruel!" came passionately. "No wonder that everyone dislikes war-time."

"No wonder, indeed!" echoed a loud, musical voice at that moment close to her elbow.

"Why—father! How you startled me!"

"Well?"

"You've just missed, too, such a delightful story—about some Fritz, then grannie's Fritz, I think we might just as well all call him."

"Oh, indeed!" and the newcomer laughed merrily. "Grannie's Fritz, then. Let it be so."

"But you've heard the story before, perhaps?" shouted several voices.

In answer, he only shook his head.

"What—never heard of Fritz! Oh, how I wonder grannie never once told you!"

There was a sudden burst of laughter.

"You see, boys and girls, I happened to be that very Fritz's own best friend. I was, in fact, Fritz myself. Fortunately the officer became hungry after awhile, and took it into his head to get up and eat a hearty supper. You may be sure I scrambled out pretty quickly."

"And grannie herself, then, was the mistress of the castle!" exclaimed No. 1. "And this is the very same ottoman!" chimed in No. 2. "But why—oh, why didn't we guess this?"

"Yes; the very same 'battered' and 'tattered' old friend," began grannie, in a trembling voice; but she was not allowed to proceed. Hans and Hermann sprang instantly to their feet; and Erma, escaping now from her father's grasp, rushed hastily to the front.

"We have been just too stupid!" she exclaimed. "Why, you still stand there, Hans and Hermann, as if you were frightened."

"They expect me to jump out upon them like a sort of Jack-in-the-box. That's it, you may depend upon it. Unfortunately, however, 'grannie's Fritz' can't be in two places at the same time."

FAMOUS CHARGERS.

Undeniably the most famous horses have ever been those who have helped men in the pursuit of war. See how many names of war horses have come down to us, and how the noble animals have been praised since the early days of the writer of the book of Job. How many poets have dilated on the flowing mane, the flashing eye, and the quivering nostril of the horse! Some horses are nearly as celebrated as the generals whom they carried.

For example, Alexander's Bucephalus, who would submit to none save the world compeller, Napoleon's Marengo and Euphrates, the snow-white charger used in many a victory, Wellington's Copenhagen, sharer in the victory of Waterloo, who lies enshrined beneath a lofty mound at Strathfieldsaye, and whose likeness was faithfully copied by the late Sir Edgar Boehm in his equestrain statue of the "Iron Duke" at Hyde Park Corner.

Probably the best remembered of Caligula's excesses is his treatment of his horse Incitatus, who was fed with gilded oats and elected to the consulship. This was showing a care for a dumb animal which should have pleased the most exacting member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Delightful Major Dugald Dalgetty even did not go so far as this in the great care he took of his "Gustavus Adolphus." The famous Dick Turpin, though not so lavish over his steed as Caligula, was still generous enough, for, as Ainsworth tells us, in that vivid account of the ride to York, which he was so proud of, the bold outlaw, took a bottle of right good old brandy, and "raising her head upon his shoulder, Dick poured the contents of the bottle down the throat of his mare."

Nor had he to wait long, for its invigorating effects were instantaneous. "The fire was kindled in the glassy orb; her crest was once more erected; her flank ceased to quiver; and she neighed loud and joyously. Dick, having emptied the bottle in this generous manner; took a pull at his own flask, and off went he and his bonnie Black Bess on their wild and wonderful ride to York. However, this remedy was only of temporary avail, and the poor mare soon began to totter again. But she still held on bravely till York was entered, when "Bess tottered—fell. There was a dreadful gasp—a parting moan—a snort; her eye gazed for an instant upon her master with a dying glare; then grew glassy, rayless, fixed. A shiver ran through her frame. Her heart had burst."

Her master, although in such desperate straits, was deeply moved, as the unknown knight in "The Lady of the Lake," when his gallant hunter fell exhausted in her vain pursuit of the stag near Loch Katrine.

"And art thou gone, Bess!" cried he, in a voice of agony, lifting up his courser's head, and kissing her lips, covered with blood-flecked foam, "Gone, gone! and I have killed the best steed that was ever crossed!"

It is in connection with war that the horse has been most distinguished. His part has ever been a most laborious and suffering one in the combat; but, we are told that he revels in it and "scents the battle from afar!"

The old custom was for the general to dismount before the battle, publicly slay his steed, and then fight on foot before the rest of his army, so as to inspire confidence and show that he had no more chance of escaping than the ordinary rank and file.

The horse has also been used as a decoy or snare in war in more than one instance. On one occasion noble Soldan Saladin sent a beautiful fleet arab to Richard Cœur de Lion—the Moslem Molok Rie, whose name was used to scare the refractory babes of the faithful—but the wary king bade one of his attendants mount the royal gift.

No sooner was this done than the animal at once galloped off to the enemy's lines, thus showing for what object the present had been sent.

On another occasion the device practised by the Empress Maud when besieged in Oxford by the army of King Stephen was to put her horses shoes backwards, which reversed the tracks, and she being clad all in white was enabled to escape during a snowstorm from the beleaguered town. In more modern days the horse has become prominent as a racer.

In Hogarth's "Rake Progress" (the Levee scene) we see the brutalized looking jockey presenting his patron with the cup that has been won by "Silly Tom" (what is in a name?) at Newmarket.

Macaulay has contrived to immortalize the famous "Eclipse" whilst praising Boswell's "Life of Johnson." And lately the press reminded us what a mighty power the racer had become in the land, when columns of bulletins announced to the anxious crowd the latest condition of an ailing favorite.

OBEDIENCE.—Mamma: "Now, Freddy, mind what I say. You are not to go over into the next garden to play with that Hawkins boy, he is very rude."

Freddy was heard a few moments afterwards calling over the wall—

"Jimmy Hawkins, ma says I'm not to go into your garden because you're rude, so you come into my garden—I ain't rude."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Soda water contains no soda.

The Pope's real name is Joachim Peccini.

Celina, Ohio, has a 10-year-old horse thief.

A New York family contains six criminals.

A wren lives three years; a raven 100 years.

Great Britain is reputed to have 16,500 locomotives.

New York has 8162 dwellings which contain over ten families each.

There are nearly 119,000,000 old copper pennies lying unused somewhere.

The Government provides 75,000 new mail bags annually at a cost of $40,000.

It is estimated that about 2000 stump speakers are at work in various parts of the country.

The proprietor of a Boston dye house, in advertising for a boy, specifies that he must be colored.

Haines Falls, N. Y., people claim to have seen during a recent electrical storm a streak of black lightning.

Seventy-five cats were caught in traps at the Treasury Department in Washington, one day lately, and were drowned.

The Salvation Army poke bonnet has been replaced in England by a broad brimmed straw hat, trimmed with stalks of corn.

At Bombay all the Hindoo sentries salute any passing black cat, thinking it may possibly be the soul of an English officer.

Sixty Eskimo, accompanied by several hundred dogs and a few reindeer, are on their way to Chicago to take part in the World's Fair.

The Birmingham, England, Daily Gazette is said to be the first daily paper printed, cut and folded by the aid of electricity.

An Atchison, Kansas, woman has brought up her chickens on the bugs collected from the machinery at the electric light station every morning.

An automatic machine which forms, fills, weighs and seals packages has been invented, and is intended for use where large quantities of tobacco, soda, starch, etc., are put up.

An old woman named Fort has just been murdered near Bordeaux by a peasant, who thought she had cast an evil eye upon him. She had long had the local reputation of being a witch.

A blind man with a hand-organ has lately been parading the streets of Alexandria, Ind., with a placard on his breast, which read: I am blind and the father of 8 children by a horrible accident.

Edwin Caldwell, of Harrisburg, N. C., has a turkey gobbler who, a few days ago, went to a potato patch and scratched up eight potatoes. He rolled them into a nest and has been sitting on them ever since.

Some 4985 papers daily make their appearance throughout the world. Some of these appear in two or three languages, one of them generally being English. Forty-nine different languages are employed.

J. F. Chase, a veteran of the Fifth Maine Battery, is reputed to carry on his body 21 scars. He exhibits an empty coat-sleeve and an artificial eye, all the result of a bursting shell at the battle of Gettysburg.

The law of Denmark now gives to every Danish subject, man or woman, the right to a pension at 60 years of age, except in cases of convicted criminals, paupers or those who have come to distress by extravagance.

In Egypt the smallest marks of a knife on a piece of wood remain at the close of 2000 years as distinct as on the day they were cut, and you can see, after twice that interval, where a chisel slipped upon a block of stone.

A Manitou, Mich., young woman received a letter from a Kansas man, recently, in which he devoted seven pages to telling of business, crops and politics. In a postscript he mentioned the fact that he would like to have her marry him.

Perhaps the biggest horse in the world is the "White Horse," of Berkshire. It is a figure 170 yards long, cut in the side of a hill. A long way off it looks as though drawn in chalk lines, but the outlines are really deep ditches in the soil, kept clean and free from grass by the people, who take great pride in it.

George Jeffreys, who lives near Burlington, N. C., has a covey of young partridges that came to him in a peculiar way. His cat went into the field and captured a mother partridge which had a brood of young ones. Rather than be left alone, the young partridges followed the cat home, and Jeffreys caught them.

A man found ill in a shanty on the outskirts of Sacramento was taken to the hospital, and when stripped for a bath each leg was found encircled with a garter made of canvas doubled and the edges sewn together. Each contained fifteen $20 gold pieces, making $600 in all. He also had $8 in his pockets. He had every appearance of being a tramp.

LULLED TO REST.

BY M. M.

I hear the sound of laughing waves
That beat upon the shore,
And in my dreamy mood I hear
A loved voice, o'er and o'er,
Repeat my name in tender tone
Till every wave that breaks
Takes up the word and bears it on,
And all my heart awakes.

The white sails gleam across the waves
Like spirits few and blest,
And, while I watch, the sunset pours
Its radiance from the west.
The waves reflect the glowing tints
Within each faithful breast,
Till night looks down with shining eyes,
And day is lulled to rest.

THE QUEEN OF AUTUMN.

When the murky fogs and surly blasts of November are with us, the Chrysanthemum, Queen of Autumn, unfolds her beauteous flowers. The Rose, Queen of Summer, is faded and gone: her beauty and fragrance are now only memories; and with her nearly all the other floral children of our gardens are gone to rest, carefully shielded from winter's pointed fury. But the chrysanthemum, with her wondrous diversity of form and color, still remains to gladden our hearts and brighten the dull days which link autumn to winter. She may be a child of other lands, but we have taken her to our hearts and homes, and crowned her queen of our autumnal flowers.

No flower has excited so much enthusiasm or received so much admiring attention within recent years, and no other plant gives to the hand that tends it such liberal return in number and beauty of flowers.

An eloquent writer has well said that, "in power of expression, distinctness of character, in forms of beauty no less cheering to the heart than delightful to the eye, a beauty that is unique and the embodiment of the highest harmonics of plastic form, the chrysanthemum surpasses all other flowers, not even the rose, the tulip, or the dahlia being excepted."

The chrysanthemum belongs to the very extensive and world-wide natural order, Compositæ or Daisy flowers. In its cultivated form it originated at a very remote period. The evidence we possess points to the existence, in the Chinese empire, of cultivated varieties for at least two thousand five hundred years.

The progenitor of these varieties was very probably "Chrysanthemum indicum," a species indigenous to China, Corea and Japan. The flower of this species is small, single, and of a yellow color. Some authorities, however, hold that there is also something of the wild species "C. morifolium" in them. Still, it is remarkably that the little species "C. indicum" is continually reproduced from seeds saved from blooms of the finest form and highest culture.

This tendency to revert to first forms (atavism) is observed in many other cultivated plants, and the fact of "C. indicum" being so frequently found among seedlings is a very strong argument in favor of the opinion that it is really the progenitor of all the garden varieties.

The earliest literary reference to the chrysanthemum we find in the "Li-Ki" of Confucius, written about 600 B. C. The Chinese value it very highly, and no other flower is conspicuous in their gardens and homes. It is their national flower, and is to them an emblem of everything that is graceful and beautiful. They grow it to a high state of cultivation, tending it with their well-known untiring patience, and often train it into the most fantastic shapes, such as horses, stags, pagodas, boats, etc. Their poets never tire of singing its praises, nor their painters of depicting its graces.

In the Franks Collection of Chinese ware, in the British Museum, many beautiful and interesting articles of porcelain may be seen decorated with it. The oldest piece in this fine collection is a dish ornamented in an archaic style with chrysanthemum flowers bearing the mark of the period "Seuen-tih," which is equivalent to the decade 1426-36 in our era.

Mr. Fortune, in an account of his travels in China, tells us of the grandeur of the Chinese gardens, and the prominent place the chrysanthemum holds in them. He says that at night, during the autumn and early winter, it is a common sight to see in the gardens of the wealthy banks of magnificent blooms illuminated with lanterns. He also relates that he saw life-sized effigies of various national heroes constructed of the flowers.

The chrysanthemum is also a great favorite of the Japanese, who seem to have procured it from the Chinese at a very early date. Having ideals of beauty somewhat dissimilar to those of the Chinese, they have selected different forms of the many varieties which the plant produces. The Kiku, as they call it, has been chosen as the crest of the present imperial family, and is used on the official seal. Their highest national decoration is that of the Imperial Order of the Chrysanthemum, which was founded in 1876. It may be remembered that, about four years ago, the Mikado, to express his regard for Great Britain, sent a special ambassador to invest the Prince of Wales with the Star and Collar of the Order.

On Japanese pottery, lacquer-work, and textile fabrics, the Kiku is very often depicted, but generally in a conventionalized form. On their ornamental bronze-work, and on the placques and vases for which they are famous, there are some beautiful examples of the flower. The ninth month of the Japanese year, during which the chrysanthemum is in full bloom, is called "Kiku-dzuki." On the ninth day of this month, one of the chief fetes of the nation, the Festival of Happiness, is held, and in its celebration the Autumn Queen is largely employed as the emblem of joy.

We find in the works of botanical and horticultural writers a few evidences of the existence of the chrysanthemum in Europe as far back as the year 1680, but there is nothing definite till the 1780. In that year, so eventful in the history of France, M. Blancard, a native of Marseilles, brought to that city from the East three varieties. Two of them, however, soon died. The plant which survived was subsequently known as "Old Purple." In 1790 a few plants of it were sent to the British gardens at Kew. Hence that year was the centennial year of the introduction of the chrysanthemum into Britain.

Grains of Gold.

Hurry is the handmaid of worry.

The fish that gets away always looks the biggest.

A lie in business is as black as it is anywhere else.

Nothing in the world grows any faster than a trouble that is nursed.

No man can injure himself mortally without hurting other people.

When evil is overcome with good, the surrender is always unconditional.

There isn't a man in the world who is not serving some kind of a master.

Nothing makes a man a bit richer that does not make him more grateful.

It seems to take a great deal of trouble to get some people where they can be happy.

No religion can do you a bit of good that does not make you try to do good to others.

Children are taught more than they ever learn and learn more than they are ever taught.

Men would be very wise if they could only learn as much as their boys think they could teach them.

God's sweet dews and showers of grace slide off the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts, and make them pleasant and fertile.

The heart will commonly govern the head, and it is certain that any strong passion, set the wrong way, will always infatuate the wisest of men; therefore, the first part of wisdom is to watch the affections.

Femininities.

A quiet wedding—one at the deaf and dumb asylum.

Pearls, at present, are at the height of their popularity.

Coffee and tea would be better kept in glass than in tin cans.

Bait mouse traps with pumpkin seeds; the mice are fond of them.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

A negro who was arrested at Albany, Ga., recently, for cow stealing, gave six different aliases.

The world is full of men who expect somehow or other to get into heaven on the religion of their wives.

A woman who recently died in the Norristown, Pa., Insane Asylum had not spoken in the past 11 years.

A New York society woman has an album which contains photographs of all her costumes for the past ten years.

A 14-year-old Buckley, Wash., girl committed suicide a few days ago because her parents compelled her to attend school.

The recent addition to the family of Kaiser Wilhelm is said to be the first daughter born to a King of Prussia in 84 years.

There are some women who are flirts upon principle; they consider it their duty to make themselves as pleasing as possible to everyone.

Lady: "I wish to get a birthday present for my husband." Clerk: "How long married?" "Ten years." "Bargain counter to the right."

Society belle, gloomily: "I must be going off horribly in my looks. That is the second girl within a week who has asked me to stand as her bridesmaid."

She: I should think that man would have a fearful load on his conscience! He: He would if it weren't for one thing. She: What's that? He: He hasn't the conscience.

Learn the value of a man's words and expressions, and you know him. Each man has a measure of his own for everything; this he offers you inadvertently in his words.

An insurance concern in New York guarantees a marriage dowry of $500 to every spinster who shall pay an initiation fee and monthly dues of $1 for at least three years.

Mrs. Frederick Cross, of Moline, Mich., went to her bureau, recently, to get her purse. In feeling about she placed her hand upon a blacksnake, said to be six feet in length, which was sleeping in the drawer.

A young couple at Rockford, Ill., are to be married and make their wedding trip in a balloon. If they arrive back in safety from their trip, they are to be presented with a number of presents from Rockford people.

An advertisement of a new stage coach, which it was proposed, in 1790, should run between Dublin and Sligo, set forth, as a special attraction to passengers, that the coach was "lined with copper, and therefore completely bullet proof."

A young lady had a narrow escape at a fire a few nights since. About half of her back hair was burned. Fortunately she was not in the building at the time, having put on her other hair and left the house only half an hour before the fire broke out.

Timid Female: "I saw an advertisement for a wife in your paper this morning." Chicago editor: "Too late. The advertiser got her six hours ago, took a bridal trip on a hand car and is now suing for a divorce. You must take another chance at our ten-cent column."

Miss Elizabeth Ney, who is said to be a descendant of the unfortunate follower of Bonaparte, Marshal Ney, is a resident of Hempstead, Texas, and a sculptor. She is engaged at present in making statues of some of the heroes of the Lone Star State for the World's Fair.

A lawyer sent a very heavy bill to a woman whom he wished to marry. As she made some severe remark on the matter, the lawyer replied: "I wished to show you how lucrative is the profession of a barrister. You can now see for yourself in what a profitable business I am engaged."

"I shall not ask you to look pleasant," said the photographer to the lady of more or less artificial beauty; "I shall simply ask you to gaze upon your own fair face in that little mirror above the camera." And the mirror, being as tough as the photographer's conscience, stood the strain nobly.

Nothing will clean lamps, lamp chimneys, looking glasses and window panes like ammonia. In using it on colored cloth, first test it on a sample to see that it does not spot. When a stain is produced by lemon juice or any other acid, nothing is so effectual as ammonia in neutralizing and thus removing it.

Madame Z——, an old society belle, who is past sixty, is inconsolable at the death of her mother, who has just passed away at the age of eighty-nine. One of her friends tries to calm her sorrow a little by saying to her: "Yes, it is a very cruel loss to you." "Ah, a hundred times more cruel than you can imagine! Just think! while she lived I could still say, 'My mother,' and that made me look and feel twenty years younger."

Masculinities.

A Westchester, N. Y., farmer has a mascot in the shape of a turtle.

A man's idea of practicing economy is to preach it three times a day to his wife.

A Boston tradesman advertises: Human hair at less than manufacturers' prices.

Viola Porter Chappelle died at her home in Ellington, Conn., lately, aged 109 years.

A woman who lives near Punxsutawney, Pa., claims to be the mother of 54 children.

If every love affair ended in marriage there is not a man in the world who would not be a Mormon.

"How blue the sky is to-day," chirped the optimist. "Yes, I feel blue myself," groaned the pessimist.

John Vanzant, 84 years old, of Liberty, Ind., hung himself because of the loss of a fortune by speculation.

An Atchison, Mo., woman is reported to have married a man who, years ago, helped to lynch her first husband.

A Pike county, Ga., man, aged 89 years, was married to a woman lately who was his junior by fifty years.

Louisville has a "girl preacher," aged 14, whose professional card bears the legend: Sunday meetings for men only.

A second edition of the Siamese twins were born at Aspen, Col., a short time ago. They were joined together face to face.

Charles Baker, of Sioux City, Ia., died a few days ago from the effects of a peanut getting in his windpipe and choking him to death.

Ivan Kamitz died at Schenectady, N. Y., lately, of blood poisoning, caused by wearing colored hose on a foot which had blistered.

A Mr. Sorehead, of a small New Jersey town, aspires to political honor. If he expects to get it he should change his name immediately.

Blondin, the celebrated tight-rope walker, who is 68 years old, is still in the business. He has lately been making great success in Europe.

George W. Jackson, 18 years old, of Hancock county, Ind., committed suicide a short time ago, because a 16-year-old girl refused to marry him.

The difference between barbarous, semi-barbarous and civilized nations is quickly noticeable to a traveler. The barbarous peoples are the most polite.

Nicholas Paly was picked up while in a fit at Lamaire, Wy., by a clergyman and cared for. Paly rewarded the minister by robbing him of jewelry valued at $250.

Industry is essentially social. No man can improve either himself or his neighbor without neighborly help, and to better the world is to set the world to work together.

Every man whose babies are grown-up men and women makes the claim that he took all the care of them when they were little, and his wife can't convince him he didn't.

Whittier was not afflicted with the proverbial poverty of poets. His will gives his homestead, valued at $15,000, and $45,000 in money to relatives, in addition to other bequests.

Many suspicious wives who wish to detect any unusual thickness in their husband's tongues on coming in late at night never fail in their schemes by getting them to say chrysanthemum.

John Chesser, 85 years old, and Miss Sarah McFadden, aged 42 years, were married at Edinburg, Ind., a few days ago. The groom has been three times a widower, while the bride is an incurable cripple.

Don't throw a towel over the gas bracket carelessly and then go to sleep without waiting to see what happens. A man in Newark accidentally turned on the gas in this way and was nearly suffocated.

There are ex-military officers, ex-doctors, ex-lawyers, one lord by courtesy, one baronet, several honorables, one ex member of Parliament and a dozen bankrupt landed proprietors among the London cab drivers.

Harson Mohammed, reputed to be the king of tramps, who is making a pedestrian tour of 10,000 miles in 450 days, was married to Miss Emma C. Campbell, of Sacramento, Cal., recently. It was part of his wager that he was to marry some lady whom he met during his trip.

"He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut—he who would have the gain must take the pain." Right Judgment is the kernel of the whole great nut of life, but it is to be gained only by pain and diligence, and the determination to know so much of the truth of things as we can get at.

When a Christian doubter goes seeking after strange religions in the Orient and finally bumps up against the hard, unyielding fact that most of them have 15 or 20 commandments, and some of them 100 or more, he gradually comes back with the feeling that Christianity is good enough for him.

MONOPOLIZED BY PENGUINS.—During our recent cruise, writes a Falkland Island correspondent, we went ashore on a sequestered island to view what the captain called a "penguin city." Sure enough, the whole island, comprising perhaps fifty acres, was laid off in regular squares, by-streets running at right angles, the lines straight and true as a surveyor could have drawn them.

As is well known, penguins spend their lives on the water except during the breeding season, when they are obliged to seek the shore. You will hardly believe me, but it is nevertheless true, that the birds not only lay out their city in the way I have described, but pick up all the loose stones till the whole place is as smooth as a board floor. Then they take possession, in couples, each pair selecting a home site—not to build a nest, but merely to preempt a particular spot on the bare ground.

The hen lays one egg, and only one, and during the time of incubation the male bird brings her food from the sea, or sits on the egg awhile himself if she wants to go out and take a swim. But in this case, as in many others, virtue is not "its own exceeding great reward," because the lady penguins grow so fat and sleek under the good care of their faithful husbands that they are more eagerly hunted at that particular season.

The old birds are too tough and fishy to be relished by man or beast, but the tender young matrons are in great demand, both for their oil and flesh. Even the eggs have an oily and fishy flavor, and taste as hens eggs might if cooked in paraffine.

The penguin is by no means a handsome or graceful creature. He has wings, like any other bird, but they are altogether too short to fly with, though they may assist him somewhat in waddling over the ground. When in the water he has no use for wings, because his broad feet, webbed like those of a duck, propel him rapidly. It is funny to see a colony of these ungainly birds, marching up and down their streets like soldiers, all the time standing erect and maintaining an air of great dignity and importance.

REASON FOR MARRIAGE.—Frequently, if men could be catechized and compelled to confession, they would have to own that they were marrying, not character and heart, but regularity of feature, bloom of countenance, grace of figure, or a sweet voice, or a power of dexterous manipulation of the piano, or some other accomplishment or pretty trifle having as little permanent influence on the happiness of marriage; and some would even have to admit that they were marrying, not the woman, but some money-bags she happens to possess, and were for gold selling themselves into a life-long slavery.

Need I point out to men the infinite degradation of thus drifting into marriage, or of entering upon it for motives so inadequate? Should a man marry the first female he meets with, as water in a gutter runs down the first sink it encounters? Should a man do that which, if it were expressed in words, would not be "I take this woman to be my wedded wife," but "I take this straight nose," or "these regular teeth," or "these ringlets," or "this pretty foot," or "this musical skill," or "these railway shares and scrip?"

RED clover grows in New Zealand with great luxuriance, but until recently it was necessary to import all seed from England. Darwin showed that the plants can be fertilized and made to produce seed only through the agency of humble bees, and, as these creatures were unknown in New Zealand, attempts were made to introduce them, and they were finally, about ten years ago, carried the entire journey alive, while in a torpid state, in freezing chambers. Since then they have multiplied, and the red clover bears seed.

WHY THE THIRD FINGER IS USED.—How many women who fondly love the golden symbol of their wedding vow know why they wear it on the third finger of the left hand? That particular digit was chosen because it was believed by the Egyptians to lead to the heart. And these ancient worshippers of Isis held this finger sacred to Apollo and the sun, and therefore gold was the metal chosen for the ring.

CHILDREN AT TABLE.—In good society very young children are not permitted to come to table unless the family are alone. But in the latter case, we think the earlier children are taught to sit at the table with parents, brothers, and sisters, and behave properly, the more surely will they secure good, refined table manners. It is not difficult to teach a young child to make its wants quietly known to the proper person and at the proper time. But what can be more uncomfortable and annoying than to sit at table where the children, from the oldest to the youngest, are the dominant power, never waiting patiently for their turn to be helped, but calling loudly for whatever they desire; impatient if it is not brought to them on the instant? If attention is not given as soon as the words are out of his mouth, how unpleasant to see a child standing on the rounds of the chair, or reaching over other plates to help himself to whatever he desires! Parents can, with very little trouble to themselves, save their guests from witnessing such rudeness if they begin when every habit is unformed. Children should be taught to be gentle and respectful in manner when requiring service from the servant or waiter.

And yet how many give no heed to this duty. How many hear their young charges calling impatiently or arrogantly, "Give me the butter, Jane." "Pass the bread this way." "Can't you hear, Jane? I've told you two or three times to give me some water." Or some may soften their imperious and harsh demands just a little by saying, "I'll take the bread, please;" but the "please," is too far off to be very pleasant. It seems an afterthought. Whispering, loud talking, abrupt calls for any article on the table, beginning to eat or calling to be helped the moment seated before the oldest are served, is in the highest degree rude and vulgar, yet by far too common. Some natural feeling of restraint or diffidence may keep the young more quiet when at a friend's table, for part of the meal at least; but they can lay no claim to refinement or good manners if they use politeness only when among strangers—keep it laid away, like a new garment, to be put on occasionally, and to be thrown off as speedily as possible because not being in habitual use it becomes irksome.

LANGUAGE OF THE UMBRELLA.—After lengthened study of the subject, some clever genius has arranged the following "language of the umbrella."

To place an umbrella in a rack, at a club or a friend's house, indicates that it will shortly change owners. If a cotton one is substituted for a silk, it means exchange is no robbery. An umbrella held over a lady, with a man getting all the raindrops from the points, signifies courtship; but when a man keeps the lion's share of the article and gives the lady the droppings, it indicates marriage.

To carry an umbrella under the arm at an angle implies that the individual following will lose an eye, while to hold it just high enough to injure passers' eyes and men's hats signifies "I am a woman." Lastly, the loan of an umbrella is synonymous with an act of egregious folly.

PLEASING.—Nothing is simpler or easier than the power of pleasing. It does not require any peculiar talents or any superhuman effort. It is not confined to any condition of life, nor it is dependent on surrounding circumstances. All it demands is the presence of a sympathetic spirit, a willingness to be pleased, a desire to see the bright side of things and to discover the best points in people; a frankness and openness of disposition, a readiness to leave self and other engrossing objects and to enter heartily into subjects more generally acceptable. Whoever will cultivate these qualities and habits of mind, will find a new life opening within him—a life that will be fuller and richer in its own happiness, because it will be constantly increasing that of his fellow men.

ELECTRICITY IN WAR.—During a recent discussion of war and defence, Edison declared that, with a head of water and a handful of men, he could defy an army. He would surround his fort by an immense electric plane, supply his men with hose, and, when the enemy came within his circuit, play streams of water on them which would make them the connecting link in a powerful current and mow them down by hundreds.

TWO GRAND SOUVENIRS
FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

CHARMING! BEAUTIFUL!

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella

ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y.

In 1492 the life of Columbus became associated with our western world, and one of the events which led to the discovery of the New World is portrayed in this great painting. The original was painted by Vaclav Brozik. It is recognized as the great pictorial history of the signing of the contract between Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella by which the means were furnished to enable him to discover the New World.

The moment chosen by this artist is the beginning of American History. Ferdinand and Isabella are seen upon the dual throne of Spain. Columbus is in the foreground presenting his claims before the royal power. He has forgotten the rebuffs and disappointments of the past eighteen years when every avenue to success seemed closed against him. His clear eyes are fixed upon the Queen whose pose and expression indicate her sympathy and belief in his views. The contract is spread out upon the table, and Ferdinand with pen in hand is hesitating when Isabella exclaims "I undertake this enterprise for my own crown and pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." There are 30 figures in the picture many of them being portraits and the scene is in the throne chamber.

The rich, gorgeous coloring of the toilets of the assembled court, combined with graceful pose, technical skill and rare imaginative power, make this picture pre-eminently one of the best Art Works yet issued to the public. By special permission a reproduction has been made from the original painting by one of the best Artists, in a convenient size, with all the portraits perfect and a fac-simile in full colors of the original. Such a picture at a time when the World's Columbian Exposition is about to be held will be a welcome Souvenir in every household.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

ORIGINAL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The original of this picture has been for many years the great attraction in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It was painted by Vanderlyn and has the same soft mellow tone that time has given to the old masters. It is familiar to all who have visited the Capitol.

In the offing are seen the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Nina." Columbus and his followers are in the foreground clothed with all the splendor of polished armor, purple and gold, while behind this group is seen the Cross borne aloft by chanting monks. With the Standard of Spain in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, Columbus has landed upon the New World and taken possession in the name of his Sovereigns. On the left of the picture, are seen the natives in their nude simplicity, paying homage to the white men whom they suppose have descended from heaven.

It is most fortunate that this early painting has been carefully preserved by the U. S. Government as the time has arrived when the achievements of the great navigator, who carried the Cross into the darkness of the unknown west, are dear to those who dwell in the land. There are very few Columbian relics remaining and in the World's Columbian Exposition which is about to be celebrated, the event portrayed in this painting is to be re-enacted on our shores.

The Spanish and United States Governments propose to build a new, "Santa Maria," "Nina" and "Pinta" and sail into the harbor of New York and thence to Chicago by the way of the canals and Great Lakes. They will be fitted out in every particular like their great prototypes four-hundred years ago, and will have on board Spaniards in the costumes exactly copied from those seen in this wonderful Picture.

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Recent Book Issues.

"Kate Walsingham," one of Miss Pickering's best novels, has just been published in Petersons' New Twenty-five Cent Series.

Dr. Bushrod W. James, of this city, who is known as one of our most eminent scientists, physicians and litterateurs, has issued a volume entitled "Alaskana," and embodying in the poetic meter of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," many beautiful stories, traditions and legends of that distant section of our country. There is a freshness and beauty about these compilations that always distinguish first acquaintance with a new land and a new people. Dr. Bushrod has not depended for his information upon hearsay, but personally made a tour over the whole country gathering his materials, meeting and mingling with the people, and thus getting his facts at the fountain head. The book is a remarkable one in literary value and reading interest, both for the unfamiliar character of the contents and the attractive method observed in their preparation and arrangement. In printing, binding, paper, etc., the volume is as neat and convenient as taste and art could make it. Along with other excellences, we must mention its numerous pictures, which are reproduced from actual photographs of scenes, groups, curiosities and other features of the land of which it treats. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature" is as its name implies a compilation of the best matter of the foreign magazines. The October number is now out, and filled with the choicest of reading Published at 144 Eighth Street, New York.

"The Cosmopolitan" for October is again a charming number. All its articles are down to date, rich in illustrations, mostly photographic, and by some of the highest minds in the country. Published at New New York.

"The Century" for October contains a number of specially attractive and timely articles. Among them are several connected with the World's Fair. Another is "What I Saw of the Paris Commune," by Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent. All the rest of the contents are of an equally high order. Published at New York.

"FORTUNE plays some mad pranks," said C. M. Chowon, addressing the Mendacity Club, assembled on the Southern sidewalks, says a St. Louis paper. "I was three times a millionaire and three times a pauper in one year. In 1863 an uncle in England left me a large fortune. I was living in Charleston, S. C., and engaged in blockade running. Half a dozen Yankee shells piled my fortune up at the bottom of the deep blue sea, and I went to Colorado and engaged in mining. I located one of the richest silver claims in the Territory, but did not know its value. I sold it for a trifle, went to Chicago and bought property on Wabash avenue. It did not look as though it would ever be worth a plate of soup, and I almost gave it away. A fraction of it was sold the other day for a third of a million. It is said that fortune raps once at every man's door. It has thundered three times at mine, but I did not know how to entertain the coquettish minx. That is why I am now making night trains and absorbing railroad sandwiches."

CLOSE OBSERVERS OF NATURE.—The most successful beast tamers are generally small, wiry fellows, with plenty of nerve and a good stock of trade secrets, derived from the close study of wild animals. In the latter respect savages, with their outdoor mode of life, have a considerable advantage over their civilized rivals. In the Chilean Andes the naturalist Tschudi made the acquaintance of a Creole farmer who confessed that he had experimented for several years before he succeeded in capturing a live alpaca. He had imitated the traps of the Indians, their method of fixing them in the sand of the river banks, their precaution in obliterating the traces of their footsteps, but all in vain, till an Indian, renegade revealed the secret—namely, that the alpacas select their drinking places where there is an audible ripple in the current of a river, perhaps for the same reason that cows prefer a brook to a pond and a running spring to a sluggish creek. The murmuring of the stream seemed to suggest the idea of purer and cooler water, and where the current was slow the Indians contrived to produce a ripple by an artificial obstruction.

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A VERY amusing trial developed out of a suit of replevin for a dog brought by Dr. E. T. Brady against John A. Levi in Justice Shannon's Court, in Kansas City, Mo., recently. Both parties claimed the ownership of the dog. Dr. Brady's attorney, however, stated that they could prove the claimantship beyond doubt by the recognition of the dog for Mrs. Brady, and she was accordingly summoned. The animal immediately jumped from his place in the prisoner's dock and showed with every demonstration of canine joy his recognition of his mistress. In consideration of the adverse testimony this was still not convincing to the Judge, so Mrs. Brady said that if she would sing a certain song the animal, in response to his training, would join in with her in his dog fashion and voice and sing the song through. This she did, and at the first words of the song the dog leaped for joy and fulfilled his part of the duet. No further evidence was taken, and the canine returned home with Mrs. Brady.

THE EARL OF BALCARRES.—Many little stories are told in illustration of his kindliness of heart under a somewhat rough exterior. One season he had a field of turnips upon which he prided himself a good deal, and, walking abroad in the early morning, he surprised an old woman busily employed in filling a sack with his favorites. After giving her a hearty scolding, to which she replied only by the silent eloquence of repeated courtesies, he was walking away when the woman called after him: "Eh, my Lord, the bag's unco' heavy. Would ye be sae kind as to help me on my back wi' it?" which he did forthwith, and the culprit decamped with profuse thanks.

SOMEWHAT PARTICULAR.—A story which is told of the late Charles Jamrach, the naturalist and dealer in wild animals, who died in England last summer, is so well vouched for that it may be accepted as worthy of belief. Mr. Jamrach was married more than once, and the story is to the effect that when a friend condoled with him on the loss of his second wife, the naturalist answered, with a heavy sigh, "Yes, yes; as you say, she was a good wife. But," he added, as if he felt compelled to speak the whole truth, "she never took kindly to the animals. Why, even in winter, she wouldn't let the snakes sleep under the bed."

"You got off for 15 minutes to vote, and yet you were absent a whole day. What excuse have you got?" "Well, suh, day was mo' candidates out dan what I 'lowed day would be, en ez fas' ez I vote for one, hyer come ernudder a-runnin'. By kinder tuck me by surprise."

Cholera.

It should not be forgotten that Radway's Ready Relief has been of great efficacy in curing cases of cholera morbus and bowel complaints, nausea, vomiting and empty retchings. It allays the most violent cramps and spasms, it infuses warmth to the cold and shrivelled extremities, and restores strength and vigor to the whole system, thereby rendering Radway's Ready Relief a most valuable medicine to be used on the first symptoms, as a means of protecting the system against cholera; and in the event of an attack of cholera, doing something of a safe nature until the arrival of a physician.

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Very respectfully,
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Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.

The current (SEPTEMBER) number of THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE,

published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy these germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."

The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."

"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.

"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.

"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most efficacious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.

"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidizing the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.

"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dulness at the apex of the left lung.

Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.

"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove a valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

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Humorous.

AUTUMN TIME.

Fields as soft an' meller as your sweetheart's hair;
Reapers singin' in 'em—music in the air!
All the world a-smilin' up'ards to the blue
An' the wind a pilin' white clouds two by two!

Ain't the world a picture? 'Pears to me the sun
Is just a kissin' of her, goin' on the run!
But 'mongst all the beauties and melodies that blest
One voice kills half the music,—"How much for yer vote?"

—U. N. Nose.

Swearing Him In.

"You have been the making of me," as the mustard said to the cook.

"Well," said the telephone that had been thrown away, "I'm not the first to be talked to death."

Jonson: "She is very fair." Isabel: "Yes; she gives every man she meets a good chance to propose."

Trother: "You look sad." Barlow: "I am. I took my best girl to church and put $1 in the plate in order to impress her, and she never saw it."

"Mamma," said Georgie, who is just beginning to wrestle with figures, "how do you write 33? Now I can make the 3, but how do you put down the third?"

"In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage," quoted Miss Wallflower. "How heavenly!" exclaimed Mr. Larimer, who is a confirmed old bachelor.

Jones: "My wife and I suffer from alternate insomnia." Brown: "Alternate insomnia! What is that?" "Whichever gets to sleep first keeps the other awake all night."

Mrs. Backbay: "Didn't I hear high words between you and your brother just now?" Harold: "Yes, mother, but really you wouldn't want me to use low language, would you?"

He: "Did you know that a diamond will exhibit phosphorescence when rubbed in the dark?" She: "Indeed I did not. But if you have brought the ring with you we can try it."

Mother: "What did you do with that medicine the doctor left for you?" Small boy: "I heard there was a poor sick boy in the back street, and I took it around and left it for him."

Mamma: "What in the world are you two quarreling about?" Little Joe: "Nothing." "Nothing, eh?" "Yes'm. Babe left her box of candy here, and when she came back there was nothing in it."

Clarice: "And so your engagement with Maitland is really off?" Isabel: "Yes; I got tired of machine-made love." "Machine-made love! What do you mean?" "He wrote all his letters on a type-writer."

"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy. "You must bring an excuse," said the teacher. "Who from?" "Your father." "He ain't no good at making excuses; ma catches him every time."

Tourist: "Do those scarecrows save your crops?" Farmer: "They work first-rate. You see, every tramp that comes along crosses the fields to see if the clothes is worth stealing, which they ain't, and that scares the crows away."

Tommy: "Oh, maw, we was up to the Park to-day and saw a garter snake 'most a yard and a half long." Maw: "Pshaw, child, garter snakes do not reach that length." "Well, I thought it was a garter snake, 'cause it was wrapped 'round the limb of a tree."

Old Henpeck: "Nonsense! the idea of talking about marriage! You and my daughter haven't been engaged over six months." Young man: "Do you believe in long engagements, sir?" "Certainly, my young friend, certainly! The longer the engagement the shorter the marriage."

Major Stofah is a fat and frolicsome bachelor, who still loves to linger in the dangerous light of youth and beauty. Not long ago he was lingering about half-past 11 o'clock, when the young woman's father returned from down-town. "Ah, Mr. Wilkins," observed the Major offusively, "you get in late." "Well," said Wilkins ungraciously, "I don't get in quite as late as you get out!" And he went on upstairs leaving the Major with a bad taste in his mouth.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Ladies, your fall and early winter gowns—if you follow the fashion strictly—will be made of changeable cords, woolens interwoven with velvet and several of the grades of velours now in vogue. Or if you want something plainer there is camel's hair, and there is poplin: there are heavy rep and knotted bison in all the soft and pleasing new shades, and there is an endless array of plaid. Tweeds and cheviots are also spread out for the choice of the wise woman who wants something to outlast one season and give her the worth of her money.

There are plain goods, and there are stripes, and there are mixtures wherein several tints are interwoven in such a manner that one can scarcely tell what colors there are. They are like the wild heather or the mignonette—when you examine them closely you find that there are ten or more colors and shades, all harmonized or blended into one pleasing surface of no particular color.

Some of the woolens—only a few, though—have woven patterns of flowers or byzantine borderings, and some again have horizontal stripes, but I think the plain goods and plaids will be preferred, though stripes always have their devotees.

I noticed some of the shot bengalines that had a sort of frosty vine over the surface, as though Jack Frost had thrown a little white sheen over it. It was indescribably beautiful.

RIVALS IN NEW FALL WRAPS.

For the benefit of those who do not exactly know at bengaline from other silk, I will say it has a ground like Irish poplin, with heavy cords close together crowning the fabric. It is not all silk, as the filling is wool, but it makes one of the most superb fabrics we have, so far as looks go. It is used occasionally for very dressy wraps, and it shows up fine trimming magnificently.

In the first illustration is an entire carriage or visiting costume of stone gray bengaline, the skirt having no trimming whatever. The wrap has a plain front under the shoulder cape and is made with a Watteau plait in the back, and the little cape has a bordering of Russian sable. There are cuffs of the same, and six buttons in front made with tiny sable heads. The collar is lined with it. The entire costume is a model in quiet, good taste, and could be copied with good effect in cloth or camel's hair. The hat is covered with the same material, and has a tuft of ostrich plumes shading from white to tan.

Tan is the color of the walking suit on the other figure. It is made of diagonal winter cheviot and has three rows of stitching around the bottom, tailor finished. The box coat is severely plain and rigidly correct. The back is cut straight across and seamless. With this is worn a turban of brown stitched felt and brown velvet bows and some trimmed hen feathers, altogether a stylish costume and suitable for women of almost any age.

The trimming of a corsage nowadays is almost a work of art, and it is certainly one of great difficulty; and as it will not always be convenient to get a dressmaker to arrange in a new manner on an old gown, I give two novel and effective styles. For the one it requires five-eighths of a yard of silk and three yards of ribbon. The silk is gauffered in front and back half around the waist and held straight by long buckles. The three bands lined with buckram will easily hold their places. The bow is made with three loops and two fish-tail ends.

The other requires the same amount of silk, and is sewed on at the back side seam at the arm size, and drawn down to a point, and is there finished off with two windmill loops and two short ends, fastened with a jeweled buckle. The silk does not go on the back at all. Ribbons to match, with full rosettes, can be put upon collar, sleeves or corsage, or windmill bows can be set upon the skirt if it is desired to make the gown more dressy. A short hour will suffice for it all.

Smaller rosettes are at the front of aigrettes and bunches of quills. Usually they are made of the soft, downy breast feathers. Cloth crowns and large squares of cloth for folding upon turban frames have rosettes thrown up in silk moss. Rhinestone pins are in rosette form, as also jet ornaments. The bunches of quills spreading all ways from a rosette at the foot are a pretty substitute for the wing. The quills are cut in every sort of fantastic shape. A dark blue-green bunch has the quills wider on one side of the rib than on the other, then cut down a third of the length from the top, and jockeyed off, leaving both sides of the tip even, while below one side is much the wider.

Other quill bunches have the quills edged with small crescent spangles. All these curiously cut, colored and decorated quills have a diabolical Mephisto-like look about them. Aigrettes are made of quills arranged in swallow-wing style, and have a peculiarly alert air. Some of these are jet black. Featherless ribs are tipped with vari-colored "porcupine" quills, such as the Indians wear in their embroidery on birch bark and bead work.

Tiny quills made into fan wings are joined base to base and the join covered by feather slipper bows, with square buckles of feathers and jet. The funniest birds that ever were seen are made up from heads, tails and wings that bear no relation to one another nor to any species of bird. These feathered curiosities have their heads tucked under their wings, and tucked in and out, and up and down, in contorted positions that the most gymnastic bird in trees never could imitate.

The prettiest new feather is a white aigrette, curled up in a crisp tangle of feather threads, so fine and delicate that the aigrette looks as though made of spun glass. These spun glass aigrettes make the tail to some of the queer birds. One such has brown wings made of two fluffy brown chicken feathers, and a head as green as grass. A big head that might be an eagle's, but that it is a vivid yellow, has neither body now wings, but has all gone to tail, which is a cluster of cream and yellow shaped osprey feathers that curl this way and that, after rising at right angles to the head.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

Even the most skilful amateur embroiderers may at times find it convenient to take up a piece of easy work. An intricate design that requires all one's attention concentrated on it is wholly out of place in the hands of those visiting at friends' houses, for instance. On such occasions we need just the simplest employment, that will not distract us and render us unsociable; our fingers may be busy, but our thoughts should be free. As for the less expert needle-workers, a design that is difficult to carry out becomes a tedious task, which they wish with all their hearts they had never commenced, and then there are the workers for bazaars, who know that it is the cheapest articles, that have been least trouble to make and have been done at lightning speed, which bring grist to the mill—always provided they are attractive.

The newest work of the kind is called metallic embroidery. It has no greater claims to true artistic worth than the jewel embroidery; in fact, its claims may be less valid in this respect, but it is as easy as plain sewing and very effective when done.

The metallic appearance is afforded by appliques of sprays and patterns cut from Japanese leather papers of handsome designs. These can be laid on a foundation of plush, velvet, cloth, or satin. Anyone can arrange a design without the slightest trouble. All that has to be done is to cut out some sprays of leaves, some flowers, and fruit from the paper, and use them for the decoration. On a panel for a fire-screen the sprays can be placed in the centre, or at one corner, or diagonally on half of the square of material. The sprays can be curved, and managed so that they form a large informal wreath by first working a main stem, from which they can shoot out.

Lately it has been the fashion to embroider a large branch of a tree on a square piece of material, bending the branch until it makes almost a circle; in other words, a hoop of greenery. But the hoop is never perfected, for the tip of the branch does not quite touch the thick end of the stem, droops away from its slightly.

This style of decoration can be carried out very charmingly in various kinds of embroidery, but in none more quickly than in metallic embroidery. A number of leafy sprays must be cut out of the paper, and arranged gracefully and as naturally as possible on the fabric. The stem may be marked out lightly with Chinese white—to keep a natural curve is the great thing. Now some flowers and fruit are to be cut from the paper and laid on the material. When all the design is well arranged the sprays are lifted, and their positions just indicated with a brush filled with Chinese white, and the same is done with the flowers and fruit. Next, all are removed, and then the main stem can be worked with ease. It should be padded, worked over with silks, and outlined with paste being used to keep it steady. With a few long stitches it is sewn down to the foundation; variously colored silks, are employed, or shades of one color. The edges of the leaves can be worked with a few stitches at intervals of irregular lengths, and the veinings put in with silk or chenille.

All the outlines are done with fine or silk cord. It is not necessary, in the majority of decorations, to work entirely the main stem, but for the "branch" design it must be done. Generally, the stems which are represented in the pattern on the paper serve the purpose, being appliqued on like the leaves and fruit.

Consomme Soup.—To make consomme soup place seven pounds of good fresh, lean beef in a soup kettle, with five quarts of cold water; add a heaping tablespoonful of salt and set on a good fire; in about thirty minutes the scum will gather on the top; skim this off carefully, then add a large carrot, a half a turnip, one leek, a stalk of celery, a small bunch of parsley, two bay leaves, one onion, two cloves of garlic, a half dozen black peppercorns, a blade of mace, six cloves and a half a lemon. Set the kettle where it will boil very slowly for four or five hours. Then take the meat and vegetables out with a skimmer, strain the liquor through a colander and stand away till cold; then take all the fat from the top, return to soup kettle and clarify by breaking two eggs, shell and all, into the consomme; let it boil about ten minutes and then strain through a cloth or towel.

Salmon.—In selecting salmon get the best and freshest in the market and get a piece about one foot from the tail. Fold it in a cloth, and putting in a kettle of cold water, with a tablespoonful of tarrigon vinegar and some salt, let it only boil fifteen to twenty minutes after it begins to boil. Put it away where it will get ice cold, then when ready to serve remove the skin, place in a deep platter and surround it with fresh white lettuce leaves, sprinkle with tarrigon vinegar, cover with the mayonnaise dressing and decorate with capers, pitted olives, hard boiled eggs, cut in quarters, and lemons cut in the same way.

Mayonnaise Dressing.—The mayonnaise dressing is made after the following infallible receipt: Put the yolk of a raw egg in the bottom of a soup dish, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard. Begin to stir these two ingredients together with a fork, then holding a bottle of oil in the other hand, drop the oil in slowly and keep stirring. Soon it will become so thick it will refuse to be thinned. Do this by adding a few drops of tarrigon vinegar, then drop in more oil, stirring all the time. Continue this process until you have a sufficient quantity of dressing. One yolk of an egg will use up a large bottle of oil. Never use a grain of salt or pepper in a mayonnaise and always use tarrigon vinegar.

Protection for Papers.—The latest novelty for giving greater security to valuable papers, etc., is anti-forgery and india-rubber stamps. A check, letter, or document having been signed, a stamp, with a portrait or any chosen device selected by the signer, is impressed upon the signature, or if preferred the stamping may be done first and the signature written over. It would be impossible to tamper with a document thus prepared. The evidence of signature, combined with portrait of signer, would be rendered easy without placing reliance on expert evidence of handwriting.